March 2018

Salt

The Art & Soul of Wilmington

An Artist's Long Journey

From the Mountains to the Beach

Rose Greenhow, Lady Spy

Cape Fear Piano Man

Love Walking Tall

Raising The Standard...For over 140 years!

KITCHEN • BATH
HUBBARD
LIGHTING SHOWROOM

Shop Local
...We'll Remember Your Name!

212 S. Kerr Avenue • Wilmington, NC 28403 • 910-399-4802
Visit our showroom online at www.hubbardkitchenandbath.com

HAVE AN **"EPIC"** GETAWAY WEEKEND AT

RIVERRUN

INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL

APRIL 19TH - 29TH

GET AWAY TO WINSTON-SALEM, NC AND GET THE RED CARPET TREATMENT AT THE 2018 RIVERRUN FILM FESTIVAL, DOWNTOWN SHOPPING, DINING GIFT CARDS, AND MORE. EXPLORE GROUNDBREAKING FILMS & MEET FILMMAKERS AND FILM INDUSTRY EXPERTS.

riverrunfilm.com

727 S. Lumina Avenue · Wrightsville Beach · $2,999,000

Wrightsville Beach South End oceanfront! Unique family compound featuring a main house and detached guest house that encompasses 8 bedrooms and 6 1/2 baths; 2 driveways for plenty of off street parking and 2 garage bays capable of holding 6 cars! The main house has been freshly updated with all new appliances, marble counters, new carpet and paint. It features a reverse floor plan with 5 bedrooms, 5 1/2 baths and includes a huge oceanfront master suite.

6432 Westport Drive · Westport · $2,895,000

Incredible coastal lodge overlooking the intracoastal waterway and Wrightsville Beach featuring 4 bedrooms, 6400 sq ft., salt water pool and 30' boat slip. This one of a kind custom built house by Nick Garrett is located in sought after Shandy neighborhood off Greenville Loop Road with one of a kind views of the ICW, Bradley Creek and Wrightsville Beach.

1403 Quadrant Circle · Landfall · $1,199,000

A Landfall Georgian masterpiece, this all brick executive home sits high on a wooded knoll overlooking Quadrant Circle pond. Completely updated this open floor plan features large rooms, exquisite moldings including raised panel den off of the first floor master. Updates throughout the home including stainless and granite kitchen and granite counters in all baths.

1140 Turnberry Lane · Landfall · $1,188,000

Looking for flair with a touch of sophistication? Set back on over an acre of property, this brick home sits high overlooking Landfall Lake and provides three stories of comfortable living. Details include coffered ceilings, 10' ceilings on first and second floors, extensive moldings, accent lighting, a fabulous bar and library.

VANCE YOUNG

When Only The Best Will Do

Broker/REALTOR®
Direct: 910.232.8850

TOP PRODUCER
INTRACOASTAL REALTY

LUXURY PORTFOLIO INTERNATIONAL

700 N. Carolina Beach Avenue · Carolina Beach · $700,000

This beautiful, newly constructed, well-built home is situated on an oversized Carolina Beach lot that backs up to private Federal Land. The home is over 2800sqft with an additional 500sqft of heated and cooled bonus space that can easily be completed to your needs. A spacious Chefs Kitchen with stunning quartz counter-tops and Bosch appliances.

2205 Fox Hunt Lane · Landfall · $669,000

Quality built by Steve Dunn, this all brick home features hard wood floors, 10' ceilings and heavy crown moldings. This 4 bedroom 4 1/2 bath home has been completely updated with all new roof, windows carpeting, painting, and appliances! Move right in and start enjoying this home located in the center of Landfall.

2216 Pinehurst Place · Landfall · $1,950,000

One of Landfall's most photographed views is found at 2216 Pinehurst Place overlooking the Nicklaus Ocean #5 green, the mouth of Howe Creek as it meets the Intracoastal Waterway with distant views of Figure 8 Island and the Atlantic Ocean. Inspired by the great shingle homes found along the Eastern Shore, this new construction by custom builder Mark Johnson features over 5,500 square feet of luxury appointments.

1529 Landfall Drive · Landfall· $1,595,000

Located on a high bluff overlooking the Intracoastal Waterway and Wrightsville Beach, this custom brick villa with standing seam metal roof offer the perfect combination of a casual floor plan and elegant finishes. From the welcoming curved stairs and travertine floors, to the coiffered ceilings, this home boasts a first floor master suite overlooking the ICW with his and her walk-in closets.

134 Soundview Drive · Belvedere Plantation · $1,050,000

If life on the water is what it's all about, this is a must-see! This quality built home by Fran Coangelo overlooks the Intracoastal Waterway, Stump Sound, Topsail Beach and Harbour Village Marina. Incredible sunrises and miles of scenic water views are evident from nearly every room. A deeded 50 foot boat slip (A 11) is just steps away (purchased separately).

2225 Tattersalls Drive · Glen Meade · $735,000

Newly built in 2004, this all brick Georgian design features formal areas without the walls. Ten foot ceilings, gorgeous hardwood floors, heavy crown moldings, granite/stainless kitchen and a first floor master suite all access the covered porch with stamped concrete and outdoor fireplace. The perfect spot for fall football! Upstairs are 3 bedrooms, 3 baths and two huge rec areas.

LEADING REAL ESTATE COMPANIES of THE WORLD

www.vanceyoung.com

Intracoastal REALTY CORPORATION
Experience the Exceptional

239 River Ridge Drive · River Landing · $549,000

After passing through the gates of river landing you will find this gem of a home nestled next to the 16th green and pond. Vaulted wooden ceilings give this 4 bedroom 3 bathroom home a feeling of relaxed grandeur from the moment you walk through the front door. An open floor plan with intimate details such as the hot tub off the master suite make this the perfect family home.

2020 Kenilworth Lane · Figure Eight Island · $549,000

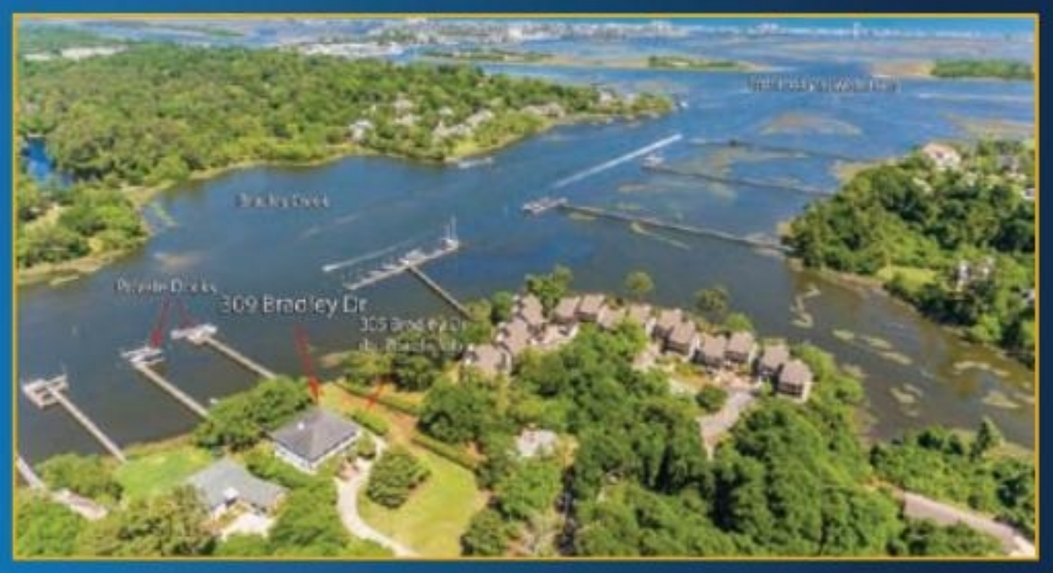
This all brick low maintenance home features a semi- open floor plan including study, dining room and vaulted ceiling great room. A generous first floor master suite has his and hers walk in closets and a spa like bath. The chefs kitchen includes huge center island for entertaining and granite/stainless. Upstairs are 3 additional bedrooms, 2 baths and an office.

Intracoastal REALTY CORPORATION

Experience the Exceptional

LUXURY PORTFOLIO INTERNATIONAL®

1121 PEMBROKE JONES DRIVE
Landfall | List Price: $5,000,000
Michelle Clark 910-367-9767



309 BRADLEY DRIVE
Wilmington | List Price: $2,800,000
Leslie Hales 910.508.8620
Rainey Wallace 910.524.8794

1929 MIDDLE SOUND LOOP ROAD
Wilmington | List Price: $2,499,000
Harper Fraser 910.524.1859

7201 GRAY GABLES LANE
Gray Gables | List Price: $1,749,000
Jane Dodd 910.617.3208 | Jeff Hovis 910.512.2205

2601 NORTH LUMINA AVENUE
Wrightsville Beach | List Price: $2,457,000
Sarah Wright Hicks 910.470.7253

1100 PEMBROKE JONES
Landfall | List Price: $4,750,000
Vance Young 910.232.8850

910.256.4503 | INTRACOASTALREALTY.COM

Intracoastal REALTY CORPORATION

Experience the Exceptional

LUXURY PORTFOLIO INTERNATIONAL®

1930 LONDON LANE
Landfall | List Price: $1,983,400
Carla D. Lewis 910.612.5220

2601 SHANDY LANE
Shandy Hall | List Price: $1,899,999
Cindy Southerland 910.509.1974

13 BAHAMA DRIVE
Wrightsville Beach | List Price: $3,000,000
Bobby Brandon 910.538.6261

2632 NORTH LUMINA AVENUE
Wrightsville Beach | List Price: $2,250,000
Vance Young 910.232.8850

6452 SHINNWOOD ROAD
Wilmington | List Price: $1,900,000
Pam Kersting 910.231.4649

3004 SUNNYBRANCH DRIVE
Demarest Landing | List Price: $1,399,000
Sherri Ingle 910.620.7178

910.256.4503 | INTRACOASTALREALTY.COM

"And Miriam the prophetesse, sister of Aaron, tooke a timbrell in her hande, and all the women came out after her with timbrells and dances." "The Story of the Exodus" lithographs by Marc Chagall. Paris, New York: Leon Amiel, 1966. 50 x 37 cm, 285 ex.

© 2017 Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York/ADAGP, Paris

Marc Chagall

The Story of the Exodus

Feb. 8 - April 6, 2018

Gallery hours:
Tues., Wed., and Fri.: 11 a.m. – 5 p.m.
Thurs.: 11 a.m. – 7 p.m.
Sat.: Noon – 4 p.m.
Closed Sundays, Mondays, and
March 4 – 12 & 30 – 31.

Admission is free.
Donations are appreciated.

Methodist University
DAVID McCUNE INTERNATIONAL ART GALLERY

5400 Ramsey Street, Fayetteville, N.C. 28311 | 910.425.5379 or 630.7000 | DavidMcCuneGallery.org

"The Story of the Exodus" lithographs by Marc Chagall. Paris, New York: Leon Amiel, 1966. 50 x 37 cm, 285 ex.

THE ART COMPANY
Organized by The Art Company Pesaro, Italy.

ARTS COUNCIL
FAYETTEVILLE/CUMBERLAND COUNTY
Cumberland Community Foundation: David and Helen Clark Art Museum Fund and Community Arts Endowment

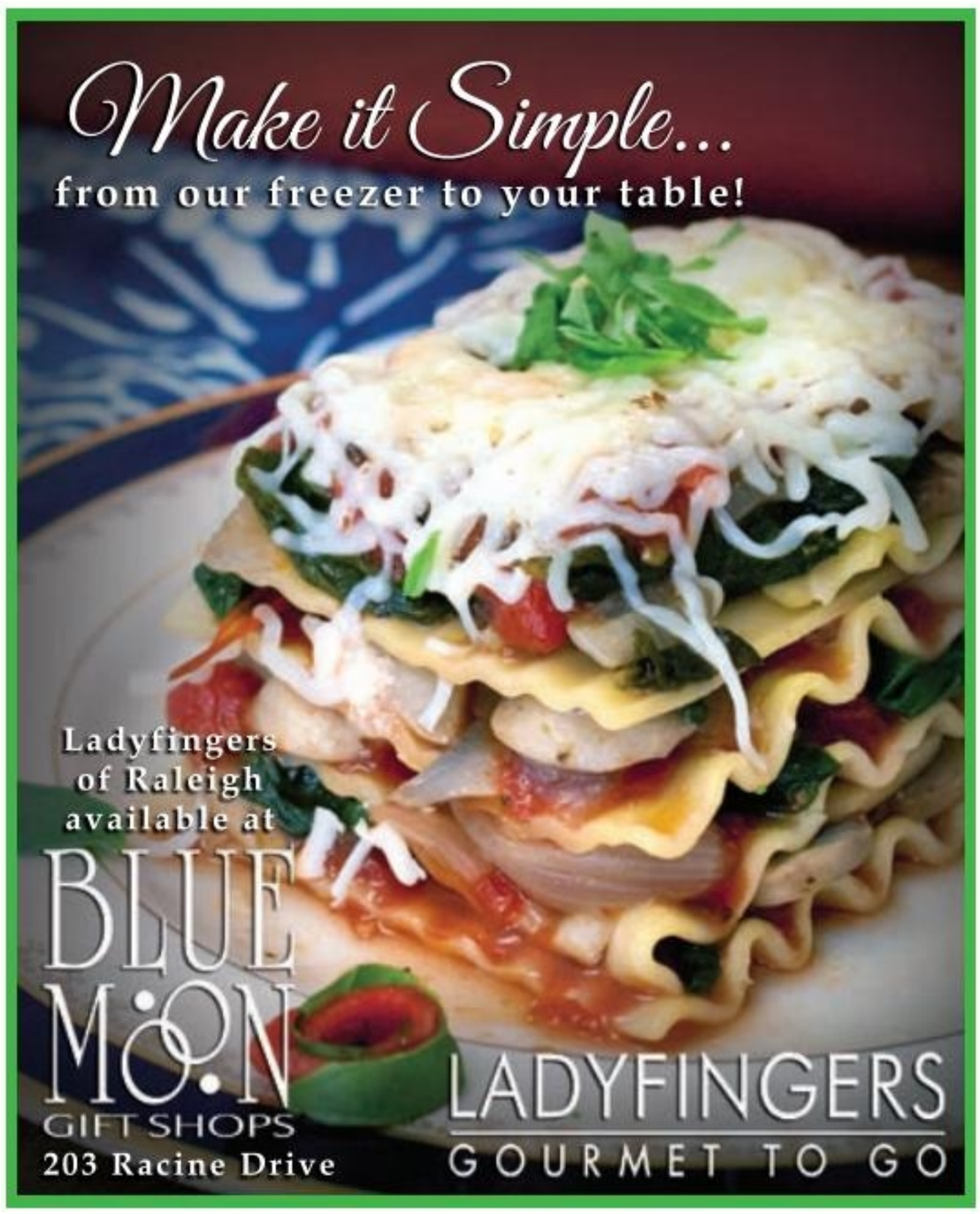
THE ARTS & LECTURE SERIES IS SPONSORED BY

First Citizens Bank | HUTCHENS LAW FIRM — HIGH PERFORMANCE LAW | BB&T | Healy Wholesale Co. Inc. | LaFayette Ford Lincoln | SunTrust | Wells Fargo

Aramark | The Fayetteville Observer | Debbie & Ben Hancock | Sharon and Ron Matthews | McKee Homes | Pepsi | Powers Swain Chevrolet | Tom Keith & Associates, Inc. | Fairfield Inn & Suites Fayetteville North

Floral Prism
Stained Glass
Mosaic Benches
Stained Glass Windows
Birdbaths, Lanterns
and More!
Handmade in North Carolina!
Available at
BLUE
MOON
GIFT SHOPS
203 RACINE DR

Voted Wilmington's
BEST GALLERY!
Eclipse
Artisan
Boutique
203 RACINE DR
910-799-9883


Make it Simple...
from our freezer to your table!
Ladyfingers
of Raleigh
available at
BLUE
MOON
GIFT SHOPS
203 Racine Drive
LADYFINGERS
GOURMET TO GO

ryanstokesart
Coastal
handcrafted
abstract
ART
Available at
BLUE
MOON
GIFT SHOPS
203 RACINE DR
Individually created
in Wilmington, NC

RECLAIM YOUR HEALTH.
REGAIN YOUR LIFESTYLE.
RECONNECT TO WHAT MATTERS.
Share the moments that make you feel alive.
Carolina Arthritis Associates is Eastern North Carolina's most experienced and trusted arthritis and osteoporosis center.
We're building a community where your health is our priority. Make an appointment and get started on the path to enjoying the best years of your life.
VISIT US AT FACEBOOK.COM/CAROLINAARTHRITIS
Carolina Arthritis
1710 SOUTH 17TH STREET, WILMINGTON, NC 28401 | 910.762.1182 | CAROLINAARTHRITIS.COM
JOHN L. HARSHBARGER, MD • DAVID W. PUETT, MD • MARK D. HARRIS, MD
GREGORY C. BORSTAD, MD • DANIEL L. DELO, MD • WENDY W. SIMMONS, PA

Salt
MAGAZINE

VOLUME 6, NO. 2

5725 Oleander Dr., Unit B-4
Wilmington, NC 28403
Editorial · 910.833.7159 | **Advertising** · 910.833.7158

David Woronoff, Publisher

Jim Dodson, Editor
jim@thepilot.com

Andie Stuart Rose, Art Director
andie@thepilot.com

William Irvine, Senior Editor
bill@saltmagazinenc.com

Lauren Coffey, Graphic Designer

Alyssa Rocherolle, Graphic Designer

CONTRIBUTORS

Ash Alder, Harry Blair, Susan Campbell, Wiley Cash, Clyde Edgerton, Jason Frye, Nan Graham, Virginia Holman, Mark Holmberg, Ross Howell Jr., Sara King, D. G. Martin, Jim Moriarty, Mary Novitsky, Dana Sachs, Stephen E. Smith, Astrid Stellanova

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS

Rick Ricozzi, Bill Ritenour, Andrew Sherman, Mark Steelman

ADVERTISING SALES

Ginny Trigg, Advertising Director
910.691.8293 · ginny@saltmagazinenc.com

Elise Mullaney, Advertising Manager
910.409.5502 · elise@saltmagazinenc.com

Susanne Medlock, Advertising Representative
910.520.2020 · susanne@saltmagazinenc.com

Courtney Barden, Advertising Representative
910.262.1882 · courtney@saltmagazinenc.com

Morgan Garrett, Advertising Assistant
advertising@saltmagazinenc.com

Alyssa Rocherolle, Advertising Graphic Designer
910.693.2508 · alyssamagazines@gmail.com

Darlene Stark, Circulation/Distribution Director
910.693.2488

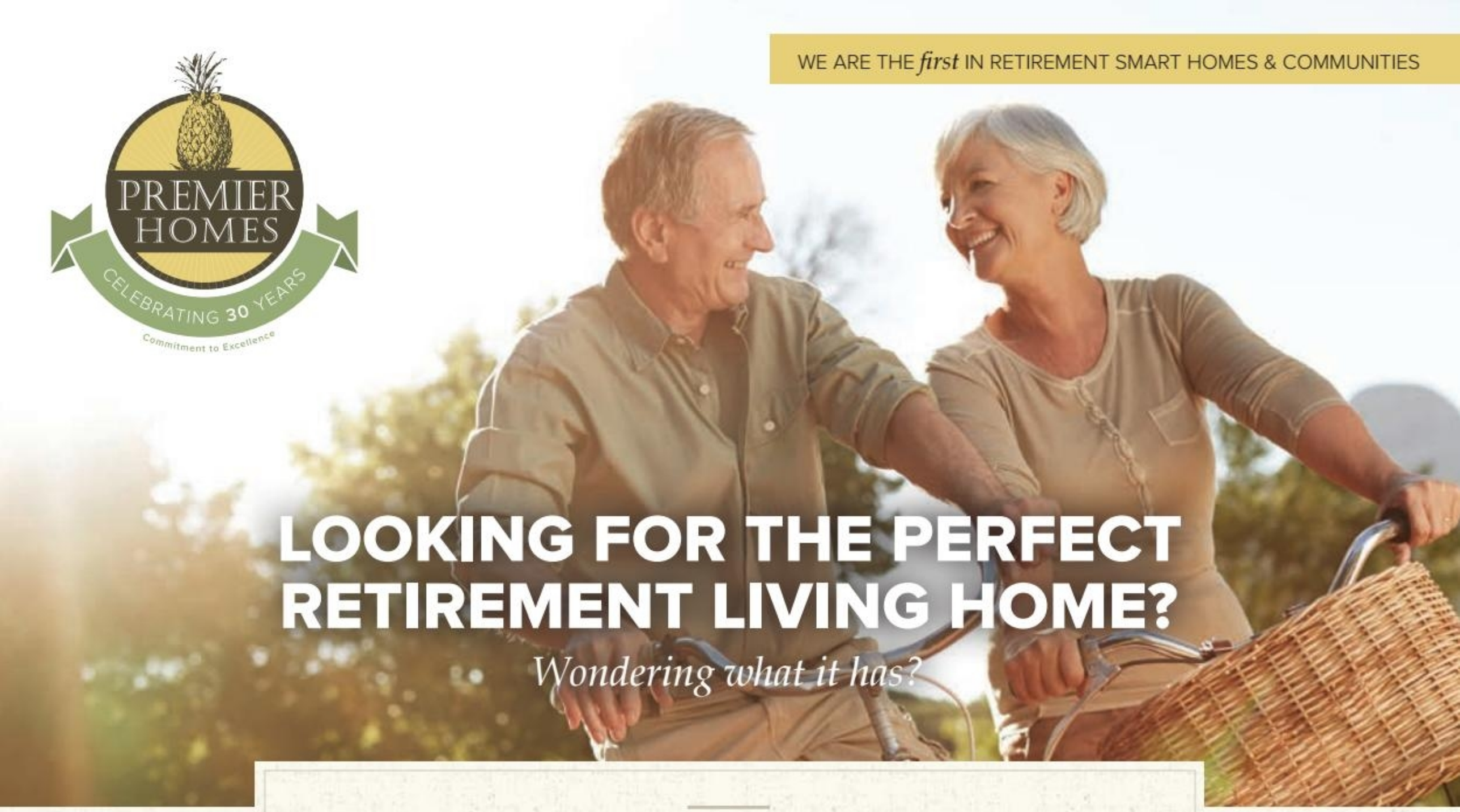
Douglas Turner, Finance Director
910.693.2497

Subscribe today!
Salt MAGAZINE
910.833.7159
$45 in state
$55 out of state

©Copyright 2018. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited. Salt *Magazine is published by* The Pilot LLC

PREMIER HOMES
CELEBRATING 30 YEARS
Commitment to Excellence

WE ARE THE *first* IN RETIREMENT SMART HOMES & COMMUNITIES



LOOKING FOR THE PERFECT RETIREMENT LIVING HOME?

Wondering what it has?

WE HAVE WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR.
OVER 25 **RETIREMENT SMART LIVING** FEATURES COME STANDARD:

One-Story/One-Level Floorplans
2 & 3 Car Garages
Open Floorplans
Total Lawn Maintenance Provided
Air Conditioned Storage Room
Designer Kitchens & Baths

Home Office Room or Area
Spacious Master Suites
Separate Guest Suites
Low Maintenance Brick Exteriors
No Exterior Painting Required
Separate Laundry Room

Covered Screened Porches
Over 20 Floorplans to Choose From

RETIREMENT SMART *Living*

Priced from **$350,000 TO $550,000**

COMPLETE WITH THE HOMESITE OF YOUR CHOICE. ALL BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE BEST-SELLING, AWARD-WINNING BUILDER.

RETIREMENT SMART LIVING FEATURES AVAILABLE AT THESE FINE COMMUNITIES:

THE VILLAGE AT MOTT'S LANDING
(910) 799-6830
PremierHomesAtMottsLanding.com

THE HOME PLACE
(910) 799-6830
TheHomePlaceNC.com

RIVER BLUFFS
(910) 623-5015
RiverBluffsLiving.com

March 2018

Features

41 When I Love Spring
Poetry by Sarah Edwards

42 A Rich and Complicated Palette
By Jim Moriarty
The circuitous path that led Wilmington artist Joe Seme back to the easel

50 Rebel Rose
By Kevin Maurer
A Confederate spy and collector of confidences, Rose Greenhow remains a mysterious figure in the history of the Civil War

54 Piano Man
By John Wolfe
Beneath the fingers of jazz impresario James Jarvis, the keys of any piano produce magic

56 Walking Tall
Story & Photograph by Virginia Holman
One man's vision of helping others with "radical hospitality" is spreading common goodness and love across the country

58 A Rising Tide
By J. Michael Welton
The Cargo District downtown lifts all boats

67 Almanac
By Ash Alder

Cover Art by Joe Seme

Departments

13 Simple Life
By Jim Dodson

16 SaltWorks

18 Omnivorous Reader
By Stephen E. Smith

21 A Writer's Life
By Wiley Cash

24 Stagelife
By Gwenyfar Rohler

27 Lunch With a Friend
By Dana Sachs

31 Food for Thought
By Jane Lear

34 In the Spirit
By Tony Cross

37 Notes From the Porch
By Bill Thompson

39 Birdwatch
By Susan Campbell

68 Calendar

74 Port City People

79 Accidental Astrologer
By Astrid Stellanova

80 Papadaddy's Mindfield
By Clyde Edgerton

Editor's Note:
In last month's "Lunch with a Friend," Dana Sachs profiled Jimmy Pierce, the founder of the youth woodworking program Kids Making It, and 18-year-old Austin Wilson, a KMI graduate whose talent and determination earned him a coveted internship on the PBS program *This Old House*. Just after our issue came out, Austin died from complications of a pre-existing medical condition. Our hearts go out to Austin's family, to his friends at Kids Making It and *This Old House*, and to the entire Wilmington community, which has lost one of its shining stars.

We make the extra mile *feel like*

Let the *Michelle Clark Team* help you discover your perfect neighborhood.

You and your home are in the best possible hands when you choose the Michelle Clark Team. Whether you're buying or selling a house, our staff has the local and industry knowledge to find the best location for you and your loved ones.

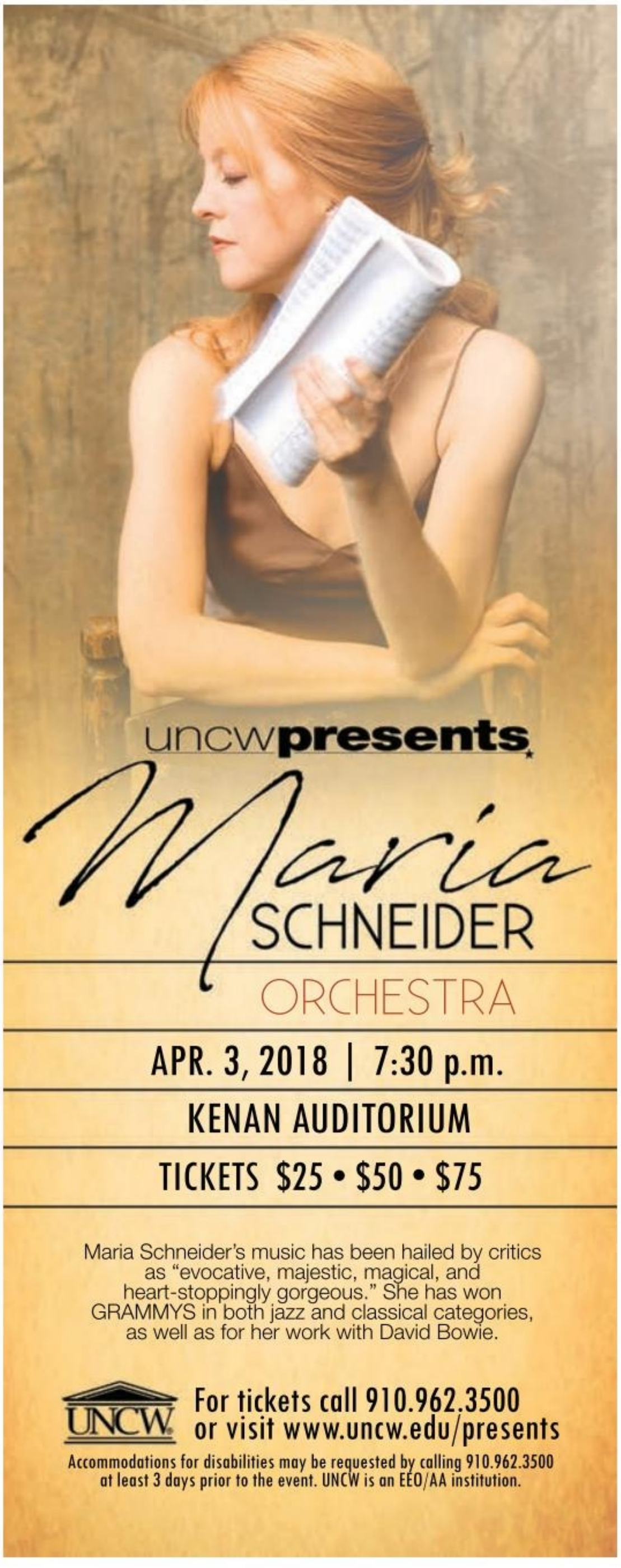
Michelle Clark | Realtor®/ Broker | ALHS, SFR, SRES

MICHELLE CLARK
A name you can lean on

Contact our agency today and make ***a friend for life.***

910.367.9767 | MCLARK@INTRACOASTALREALTY.COM | *michelleclarkteam.com*

Intracoastal REALTY CORPORATION *Experience the Exceptional* | REALTOR®


uncw presents
Maria
SCHNEIDER
ORCHESTRA
APR. 3, 2018 | 7:30 p.m.
KENAN AUDITORIUM
TICKETS $25 • $50 • $75
Maria Schneider's music has been hailed by critics as "evocative, majestic, magical, and heart-stoppingly gorgeous." She has won GRAMMYS in both jazz and classical categories, as well as for her work with David Bowie.
UNCW
For tickets call 910.962.3500
or visit www.uncw.edu/presents
Accommodations for disabilities may be requested by calling 910.962.3500 at least 3 days prior to the event. UNCW is an EEO/AA institution.

Alexander
Koonce
Intracoastal
REALTY CORPORATION
Experience the Exceptional
TOP PRODUCER
INTRACOASTAL REALTY
910.509.1949 | cell: 910.233.7225
800.533.1840 | www.alexanderkoonce.com
8 Latimer Street
Wrightsville Beach
Classic investment property in the heart of Wrightsville Beach with views of the sound. This vintage cottage offers 2 units, (each with 2 bedrooms and 1 bath), off-street parking, and about 100 ft. in either direction to beach access or sound access. Both units have great rental history. Keep the top unit for your island getaway and just rent out the bottom unit to help cover your expenses. $599,950
SALT GRASS
Marsh Oaks
Salt Grass
at Marsh Oaks
MUNGO HOMES
516 Belhaven Drive
4 bedrooms | 3 baths | 2,199 sq ft
$344,664
607 Belhaven Drive
4 bedrooms | 3.5 baths | 2,782 sq ft
$383,147
508 Belhaven Drive
4 bedrooms | 2.5 baths | 2,268 sq ft
$353,586
655 Belhaven Drive
3 bedrooms | 2.5 baths | 2,871 sq ft
$393,274
Under Contract
521 Belhaven Drive
4 bedrooms | 3.5 baths | 2,877 sq ft
$388,967
517 Belhaven Drive
3 bedrooms | 2.5 baths | 2,367 sq ft
$350,742
EXPECT ROYAL TREATMENT
www.alexanderkoonce.com
1900 Eastwood Road • Suite 38 Lumina Station
Wilmington, NC 28403
zander@alexanderkoonce.com

Walter's Saw

Cutting through time

By Jim Dodson

Save for a handsaw, an old pocket wallet and quiet memories, they are all that I have left of him.

The wallet is a fine piece of work, a gentleman's pebble grain leather breast wallet, beautifully stitched and bearing my grandfather's initials in gilt lettering: W.W.D.

William Walter Dodson was a skilled carpenter and electrician who helped raise this region's first electrical transmission towers and worked on the crew that wired Greensboro's Jefferson Standard Building. During the Second World War, he also made cabinets for PT boats and built bookshelves for local public libraries.

The wallet is in mint condition, lined with fine silk, its state of preservation suggesting it was scarcely used. I think my dad brought it to my grandfather upon returning from military service in England and Normandy, in 1945. My guess is, Walter rarely used it because he was a workingman who rarely, if ever, dressed up. As I remember him, he was a preternaturally quiet but gentle man in rumpled cotton pants who was either fishing or in his woodshop or massive vegetable garden — the three places I spent most of my time with him. There was always the stump of a King Edward cigar in his mouth.

Walter's handsaw, on the other hand, shows years of steady use, well worn and rusted in places near its simple wooden handle. I suppose it must be 80 years old if a day.

Both wallet and saw came my way decades ago and traveled with me to Georgia and Maine and back to Carolina in order to complete the sacred circle old elephants and most Southerners observe before they translate to a gentler, kinder place.

I inherited the items from my father, who never used the wallet either — too nice, he claimed — but did use that old handsaw for years until power saws showed up in his own woodworking workshop. He made bookshelves and tables for friends and family.

Not surprisingly, I picked up the woodworking bug too, clearly something in the bloodline. We hail, after all, from a long line of Carolina woodworkers, at least one of whom was a celebrated cabinetmaker.

Walter's grandfather — my great-great-granddad — was one George Washington Tate, a prominent citizen of Alamance County who helped survey the boundaries of the state's central counties following the Civil War, but was best known for his grist mill on the Haw River and his skill at crafting fine furniture.

Last summer, while attending a seminar at the Museum of Early Decorative Art (commonly known as MESDA) on the Scots-Irish furniture makers who filtered into the Carolina back country during the 18th century, I heard G.W. Tate's name mentioned in a tone of near reverence by an expert on Piedmont furniture making, who noted that one of his most notable surviving pieces is a handmade wardrobe displayed in a Williamburg museum of early American furniture. Tate Street in Greensboro is named for this man.

She was delighted when I informed her afterwards that I knew of a second splendid handwork of Tate's. My second cousin Roger Dodson and

his wife, Polly, had recently had us to supper and showed us a handsome old walnut corner cupboard that bore his distinctive mark "G.W. Tate."

It was his grandson Walter, however, for whom I'm partially named, who first placed a saw in my hand. One Christmas when I was about 6 or 7 years of age, visiting my grandparents in Florida, he gave me a miniature tool box with a small hammer, screw drivers and handsaw.

In his modest workshop, he also showed me how to saw a straight line and hammer a nail — small tasks that seemed almost magical at the time.

Somehow that kid's toolbox disappeared over the years, probably because I used its tools constantly to build forts in the woods around our house. I recall using them to build my entry for the annual Cub Scout Pinewood Derby. My car got eliminated early, which was perfectly fine with me. I much preferred building forts and crude furniture.

It wasn't until I was over 30 and living on the coast of Maine that two abiding passions hit me with a vengeance, both of which I trace to a quiet carpenter and gardener in rumpled pants.

The first struck when my wife and I built a post and beam house on a forested hill in Maine. I helped the housewrights place the structural beams, but did most of the interior finish work myself, learning as I went.

Not only did I lay and peg the 16-inch ancient pine flooring boards salvaged from a 19th-century barn in New Hampshire, I also designed and built the kitchen's counter and cabinetry from scratch. Ditto the adjoining walls of pine bookshelves in the living room. My distinctly Southern mama, when she first walked into our home, smiled and remarked, "Honey, all this wood is very pretty. But when are you going to *finish* this house?"

The Canadian hemlock beams and pine floors and cabinets cast a golden glow over everything, especially as the sun shone through our tall south-facing windows. Over nearly two decades that followed, I loved the subtle creaks and moans the beams and floors made as the house settled and the wood aged, especially in the dead of winter when the sun struck the beams and the house emitted out a lovely scent of the forest. I thought of this as the house *exhaling* in a contented way that my late grandfather would likely have approved.

Walter probably would have liked the rustic farm table and occasional table I made for the living room, too. The table we gave away when my second wife and I moved home to North Carolina. The occasional table went to my first wife's house, where it's still in use and quite loved today.

Walter Dodson passed on when he was 64. I was 11, my first funeral, and it was really sad to see him go. He looked remarkably peaceful in his big wooden coffin, dressed in the only suit I ever saw him wear. My grandmother was a serious Southern Baptist, though Walter rarely darkened the doorway of any church. Time on the water or in his workshop or garden were his idea of worship, his way celebrating the gift of life. Anyone who works intimately with wood or tends a garden through the seasons would completely understand.

As I write, *this* Walter is also 64 years old and preparing to build a set of ambitious bookshelves for the cozy room my wife and I have decided would make a splendid library in the old house we've been slowly redoing over the past 20 or so months.

I have my eye on a fancy new power saw that will do just about anything from the finest trim work to cutting a rough plank flooring. It costs more than my gifted, gentle grandfather probably made in a year.

Proof that you can take the boy out of the woodshop but not the other way around, however, resides in the fact that Walter's handsaw will be hung somewhere in my new woodshop where those bookshelves will be born, a sweet reminder that the hand that shapes the cut was created long before the saw ever touched wood.

Contact Editor Jim Dodson at jim@thepilot.com.

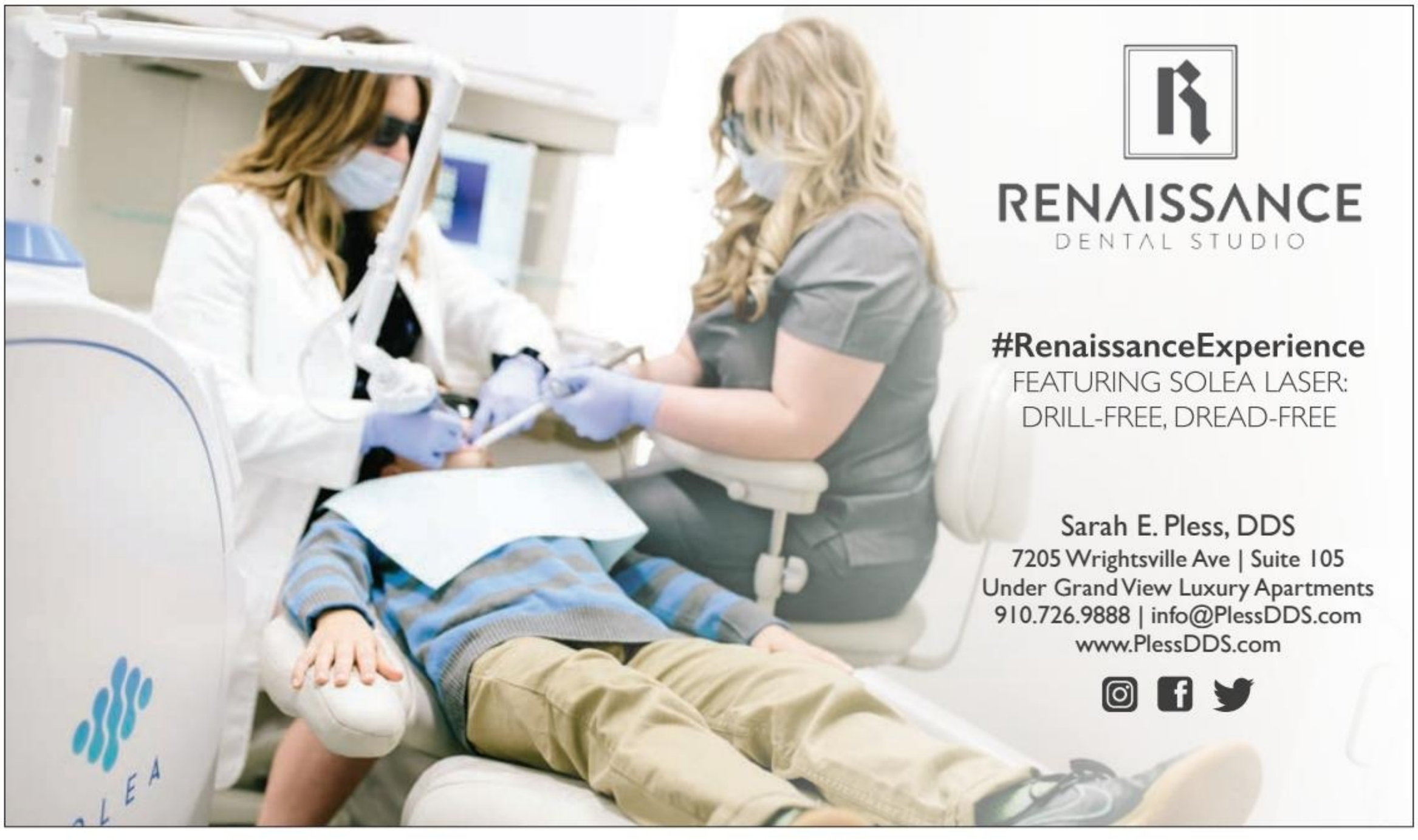
MAKE YOUR CUSTOM HOME **UNIQUELY YOURS**

Explore our two fully-furnished model homes and discover the innovative use of space, the high-quality materials, and the trending design we use in every home we build. Browse our Design Studio for inspiration options for your new custom home.

Paul Schumacher
SCHUMACHER HOMES

10 Edgewood Ln. NE, Winnabow, NC 28479
schumacherhomes.com • 877-267-3482

Your inspiration has a home.



RENAISSANCE
DENTAL STUDIO

#RenaissanceExperience
FEATURING SOLEA LASER:
DRILL-FREE, DREAD-FREE

Sarah E. Pless, DDS
7205 Wrightsville Ave | Suite 105
Under Grand View Luxury Apartments
910.726.9888 | info@PlessDDS.com
www.PlessDDS.com

SaltWorks

St. Patrick's Day Parade and Festival

Find your Irish spirit at Wilmington's St. Patrick's Day Parade and Festival. Wilmington plans on celebrating this popular cultural event with style and fun. Join the parade through downtown Wilmington with Wilmington Police Pipes & Drums, The Blarney Broughs, the Molly Malones, The Walsh Kelley School of Irish Dance, Slainte UNCW Irish Dance Club and more. The parade starts at Red Cross and North Front Street and ends at Riverfront, where the festival will immediately kick off. It promises to be a good time with performances, plenty of dancing and of course, lots of green. Rain or shine. Admission: Free. Riverfront Park, 5 North Water St., Wilmington. Info: wilmingtonstpatricksdayfestival.com.

The New Coastal Retreats

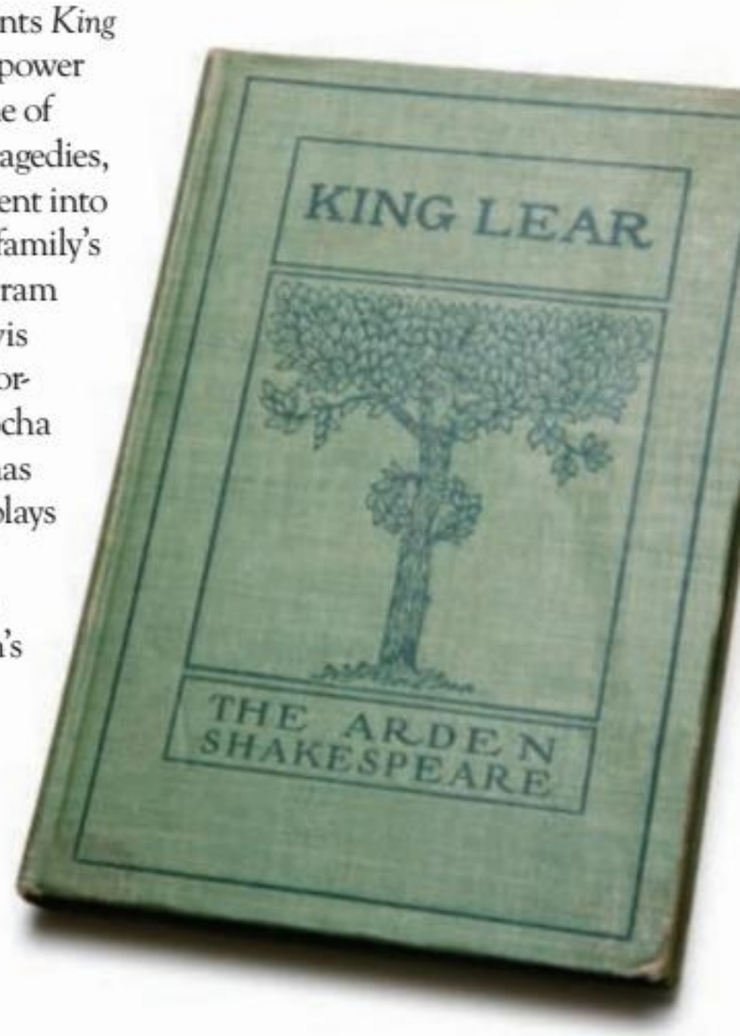
There's nothing quite as rejuvenating as a creative getaway. Come to the beach for a few hours to learn a new skill or foster a hobby while enjoying drinks and hors d'oeuvres at one of New Coastal Retreats' many workshops. Kick things off on March 1 at the Oysters 101 Workshop, where Jen Dorton of the Carolina Mariculture Oyster Farm will show you what to look for when purchasing oysters, the techniques of shucking and slurping, and some cooking techniques. Or if you'd rather, turn driftwood into a decorative table piece at the Candelabra Workshop and Cocktail Party. On the 3rd, learn how to create your very own hand-block-printed notecards, tote bags and tea towels at Totes and Notes with Joanna Frye. Also on the 3rd, join designer Kim Fisher in creating unique, long-lasting flower crowns — the perfect headdress for spring. Find more workshops online to fit your own interests. All artistic levels are welcome. Prices vary by workshop. The Cottage at the Blockade Runner, 275 Wynick Boulevard, Wrightsville Beach. For a complete list of workshops and registration, visit thenewcoastalretreats.com.

The National Symphony Orchestra of Cuba

After years of Cold War tensions, the National Symphony Orchestra of Cuba first impressed audiences in the United States during their debut U.S. tour in 2012 and now visits North Carolina for the first time ever. The orchestra is conducted by Enrique Pérez-Mesa and has a Latin-flavored and dance-inspired program. The National Symphony Orchestra of Cuba was formed in 1960 and has been instrumental in developing and introducing Cuban and Latin American music to the international classical music community. The National Symphony Orchestra of Cuba is only in the United States for one month, so this is a must-see event. March 16, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: $40-$60. Thalian Hall, 310 Chestnut St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 632-2285 or thalianhall.org.

King Lear

Dram Tree Shakespeare presents *King Lear*. A classic story of family, power and humanity, *King Lear* is one of Shakespeare's most moving tragedies, following an aging king's descent into despair and madness and his family's search for reconciliation. In Dram Tree's production, Jerome Davis stars in the title role. The performance is directed by Jamie Rocha Allan, a London native who has directed several Shakespeare plays both in the United Kingdom and the United States. March 8-25. Tickets: $25. McEachern's Warehouse, 121 South Front St., Wilmington. Info and tickets: dramtreeshakes.com.



U.S. Open Fat Bike Beach Championship

Combining a diverse course with a unique vehicle creates a race like none other. The U.S. Open Fat Bike Beach Championship will be held on an all-sand course on the beach side of the Blockade Runner Resort. Fat bikes — bikes with tires wider than 4 inches — have become a common sight on Wrightsville Beach, but this race promises a competitive spectacle. The course will include tight turns, quick sections on hard-packed sand, technical soft sand crossings, and inclines and declines on berms made from eroded sand. The race will be a multi-lap event that will keep the racers tight and always in sight of spectators, who will be welcome to line the course. March 17, 12 p.m. Admission: Free for spectators; $65 for participants. Blockade Runner, 275 Waynick Boulevard, Wrightsville Beach. Info: (910) 256-2251 or fatcross.com.

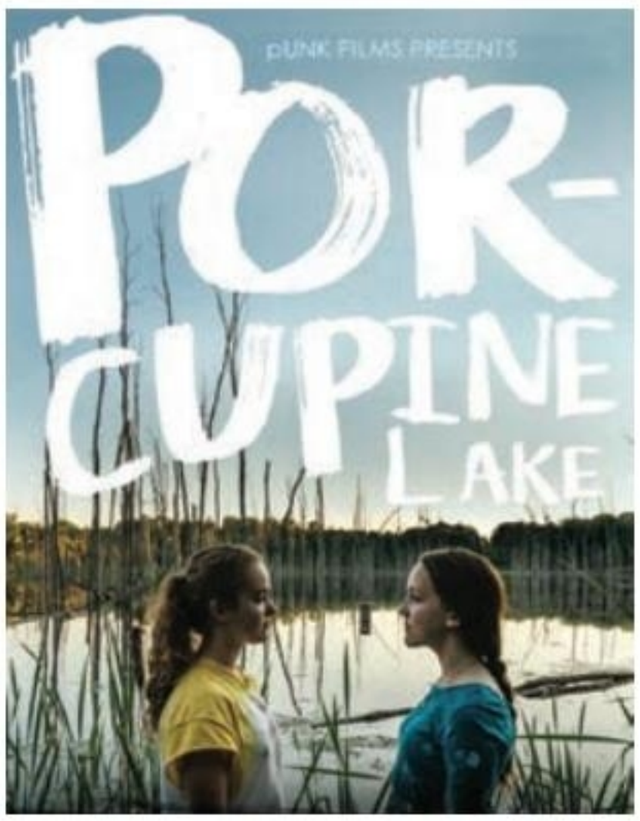
Jazz at the CAM

Enjoy a musical evening at the Cameron Art Museum as the eighth season of the Jazz at the CAM concert series continues with a performance by Serena Wiley. She will be joined by the Light Under the Sun, featuring Theous Tyrell Jones on drums, Shavon Russell Jones on vocals, Joe McPhail on piano and Ittai Korman on bass. These young artists combine to form a lively group specializing in jazz, hip hop and R&B. Serena Wiley is an accomplished saxophonist, having played with Branford Marsalis, Fred Wesley, Antonio Hart, Nnenna Freelon and many more while getting her bachelor's and master's degrees at North Carolina Central University in Durham. She's also a poet and brings a dynamic and talented performance to the stage. March 1, 6:30 p.m. – 8 p.m. Tickets: $10-$20. Cameron Art Museum, 3201 South Seventeenth St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999.

Eighth Annual Cape Fear Beer and Wine Festival

Find more than 125 different beers and wines from 50 of America's top microbreweries all in one place at the eighth annual Cape Fear Beer and Wine Festival. Enjoy an extended tasting session, live music, silent auction and more. The general admission ticket comes with unlimited sampling of all products and a tasting glass. VIP ticket-holders will walk away with a limited edition collector's glass and have an extra hour of tasting. Designated driver tickets are also available. And there will be food to satisfy any beer-inspired cravings. March 10, 12 p.m. – 5 p.m. Admission: $15-$50. Wilmington Convention Center, 515 Nutt St., Wilmington. Info and tickets: beerarmy.org/capefear.

Second Annual Chick Flicks Film Festival



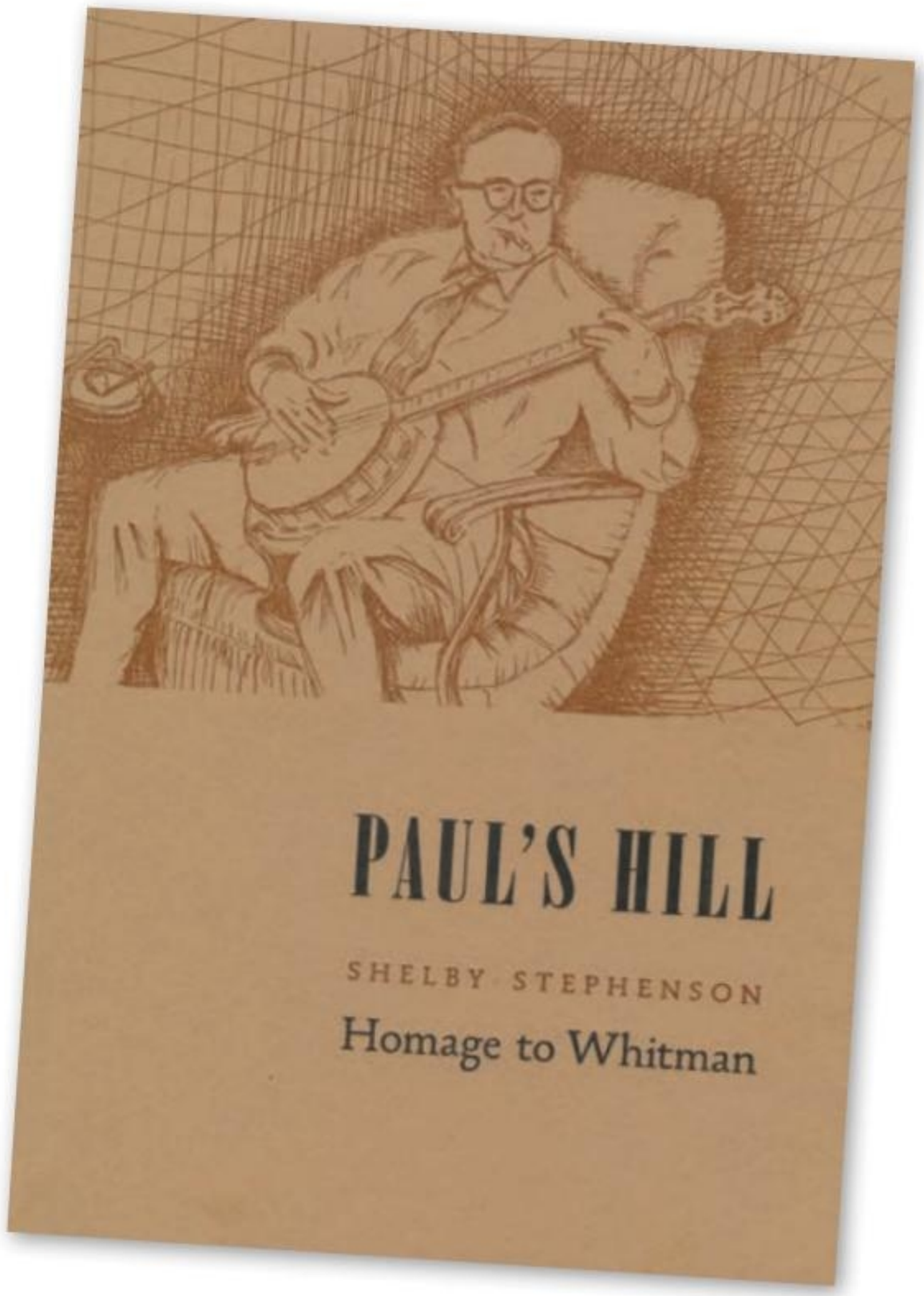
Come join a celebration of new films by women at the second annual Chick Flicks Film Festival. The festival will screen the feature film *Porcupine Lake*, directed by Ingrid Veninger, as well as several shorts from both seasoned filmmakers and novices, all with compelling stories to tell. Local comedians and musicians will perform throughout the day. The festival is hosted by the Wilmington Female Filmmakers' Collective, a group of local female filmmakers who are committed to encouraging each other's craft. March 24, 10 a.m.–9 p.m. Bourgie Nights, 127 Princess St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 622-3331.

Made in North Carolina 2018

North Carolina has no shortage of artisans, potters and craftspeople. A heritage of hard workers has led to creative expression in everything from jewelry to household items. Come shop Brooklyn Art Center's handmade marketplace at Made in NC 2018. This diverse community craft show will have pottery, jewelry and a variety of handcrafted items for your home from more than 50 vendors. There will be free parking, local food trucks and a cash bar. Admission ticket is good for both days. March 31, 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.; April 1, noon – 5 p.m. Admission: $5, free for kids under 12. Brooklyn Arts Center, 514 North Fourth St., Wilmington. Info: brooklynartsnc.com.

A Generous Voice

The distinguished reign of a poet laureate



By Stephen E. Smith

I have seen the ones I love leave this world as shadows without wings.
The purple martins that come up every year from Somewhere
Leave as easily as they jetted into their gourds in March.
And I have held my father's hand as he was dying
And my mother's, lying in her lap like dried peas . . .

From *Paul's Hill*
Shelby Stephenson
North Carolina Poet Laureate

With the death of Poet Laureate Sam Ragan in 1996, the office of state laureate ceased being a lifetime appointment, and sitting governors began selecting poets laureate (with recommendations from the state's writing communities) who would promote an appreciation for an often misapprehended genre. Recent laureates have been chosen for the excellence of their work, their influence on other writers, and "an appreciation for literature in its diversity throughout the state." The revised guidelines grant tenures ranging from a standard two-year term to five years, depending upon the governor's readiness to select a new laureate and the willingness of the poet to serve. With the exception of a disquieting hiccup during the McCrory administration, governors have chosen poets laureate who exhibit exceptional talent and generosity — and the process has been, thank God, more or less devoid of politics.

But the job of poet laureate, the physical act of getting behind the wheel of a car and driving to every corner of the state to give readings and workshops, has turned out to be anything but cushy. In fact, it's full-time work, offering little in the way of compensation and requiring immense dedication. Beginning with Greensboro's Fred Chappell, who was the first of the new poets laureate and whose *Midquest* is the finest book (poem) written by a poet of his generation, and continuing with Kathryn Stripling Byer, Cathy Smith Bowers, Joseph Bathanti and Shelby Stephenson, our poets laureate have been barnstorming nonstop for more than 20 years.

From December 2014 to January 2018, Stephenson has given 315 readings, lectures and workshops, traveling from Hatteras to the Tennessee border, twice, and driving more than 25,000 miles within the state. Stephenson, who officially leaves office when a new laureate is appointed later this month, has gently touched the lives of thousands of North Carolinians, and he leaves us with an ambitious 52-part poem, *Paul's Hill: Homage to Whitman* (Sir Walter Press), which is the logical and artistic culmination of his past work framed within the hard edges of the perplexing new world in which we find ourselves.

Raised in a large family that farmed in Johnston County, Stephenson is deeply rooted in a rural environment and possessed of a strong sense of longing for a particular time and place that's never failed to offer the purest vision. His primary subjects, the foundation upon which he's shaped most of his poems, are family, the natural world, the cycle of life, even the plank house where he was born, and despite a reliance on memory and the intensely personal nature of his poetry, there's a restrained use of nostalgia in his work. When reading his leapfrogging lyrical lines, the reader is left with an overwhelming appreciation for the life the poet has lived and his eagerness to share his most personal moments.

The light plays shadows where once cordwood readied the woodbox.
My mother's lost in the steam of her kettle.
I rub my face, as if parting curtains,

Wonder if I see myself in the rose-blue feathers smeared
on the picture-window.
Bliss fades into pattern I'll ride later, dross and all.
White moon, hold me in your arms.
Bathe my thoughts so wild onions may climb the cold
Sister Night to say to morning, "Hello, again."

A mix of spoken language and the rhymes and rhythms, the literary tongue is interspersed with hymns, dogs, goldfinches, tulip poplars, cornstalks, collards and country music resonating in song titles and country lyrics, even in the irony of a long-forgotten radio advertisement sung by Arthur Smith and the Crackerjacks:

If your snuff's too strong it's wrong
Get Tuberose get Tuberose
To make your life one happy song
Get Tuberose get Tuberose.

Stephenson's early poems took their inspiration from the land, but in the last 25 years he's dealt critically with the guilt posed by slavery, the destruction of the natural environment, the dangers of romanticism, the relationship of the past to the present, and the twitches and ticks of contemporary life all infused into *Paul's Hill*, anchored steadfastly in the present by the inclusion of the mundane elements of daily life and a use of language that dissolves the distinction between precincts of poetry and prose. His is the voice of a man viewing the present with skepticism, occasional distaste and a trace of anxiety.

The flag of the Oklahoma-bombing holds one tiny baby,
fire-scarred
And that September, towering out of words, humble
beyond relief,
Some hint of lushness – and you among the moon's
heaving night –
listening to whispers . . .

Judged by productivity, Shelby Stephenson has, for 50 years, created poetry of high quality. Beginning with *Middle Creek Poems* and moving forward through his 10 books to *Paul's Hill*, he's demonstrated continued growth and has perfected a distinctly individual voice cultivated with a single-minded devotion to his vision of a North Carolina in transition. As he's matured as a writer, he's stepped out of the tobacco rows, assuming the role of critic, teacher, reviewer, social commentator – and, most importantly, a distinguished and generous poet laureate.

Stephen E. Smith is a retired professor and the author of seven books of poetry and prose. He's the recipient of the Poetry Northwest Young Poet's Prize, the Zoe Kincaid Brockman Prize for poetry and four North Carolina Press awards.

NORTH CAROLINA
ARTS COUNCIL
ARTIST FELLOWSHIP
2017 AWARD
EXHIBITION
MARCH 3–AUGUST 5, 2018
arts
North Carolina Arts Council
Fifty years of leadership
CAMERONARTMUSEUM.ORG

Let us focus on your full recovery...
...so you can focus on what matters to you.
BenchMark
PHYSICAL THERAPY
Grande Dunes (843) 945-1815 • Leland (910) 399-4039 • Southport (910) 253-9964
Ocean Isle Beach (910) 579-3900 • Wilmington–Myrtle Grove (910) 790-1976
North Myrtle Beach & Wilmington–Ogden Marketplace coming soon!

We do it all, so
you can love it all.

10% OFF Natural Stone

Offer valid for 30 days. Cannot be combined with other offers. Some restrictions apply.

We design beautiful, functional spaces—and provide the quality products to finish the look. Best of all, our licensed, insured, locally owned and operated Re-Bath teams complete projects in days, not weeks. Schedule your free in-home consultation today.

Proudly serving the Triad.
Visit our showroom at 2701 Branchwood Dr., Greensboro, NC 27408.

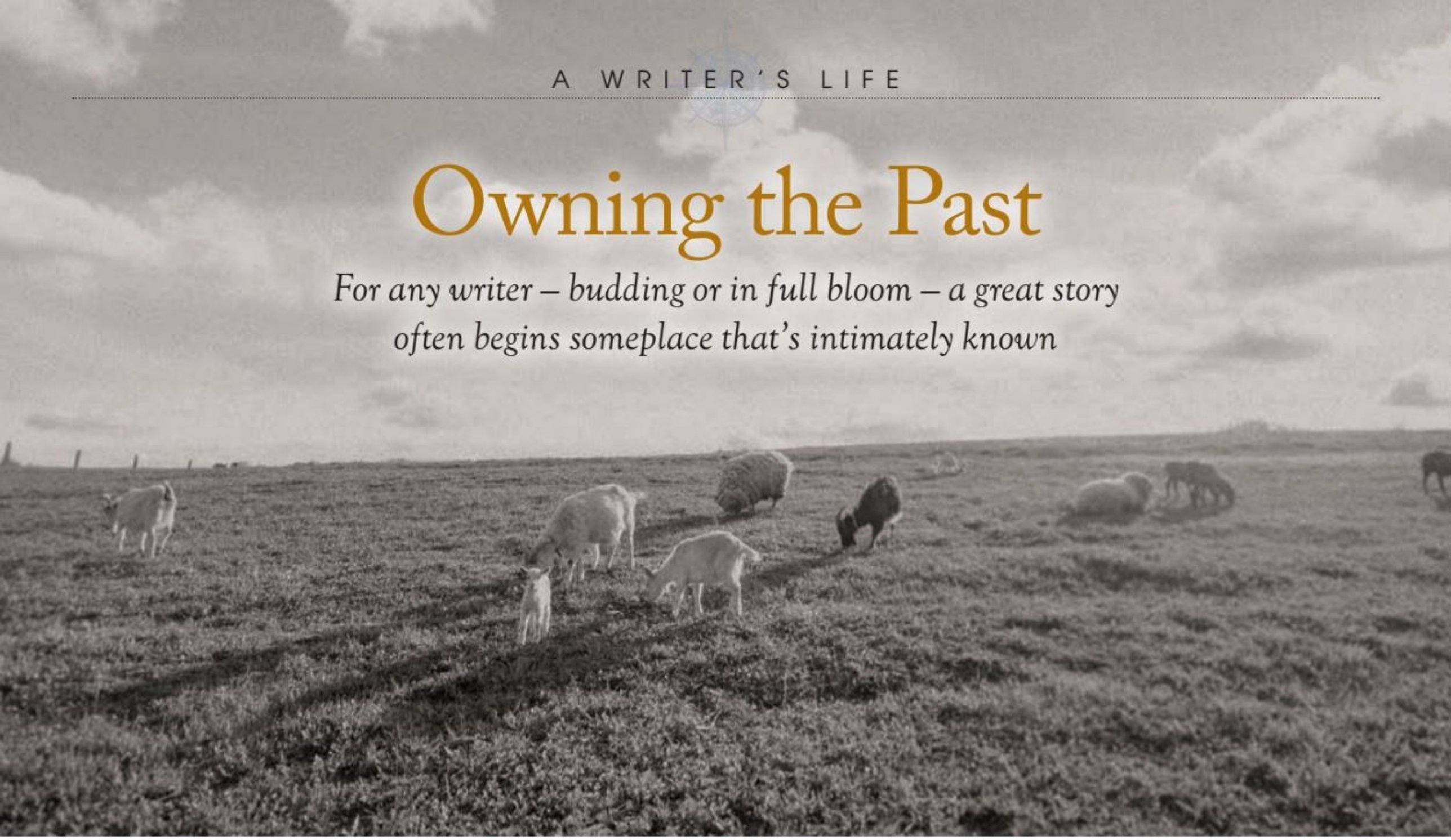
336-525-9583 REBATH.COM NC GC License No. 59212

Complete Bathroom Remodeling
Tub & Shower Updates
Aging & Accessibility Solutions

RE·BATH

Owning the Past

For any writer – budding or in full bloom – a great story often begins someplace that's intimately known



By Wiley Cash

When I teach creative writing, whether to undergraduates or master's students or community workshop participants, I always tell my class three things. First, I say that the knowledge I will share with them has been accumulated over my years of sitting at the desk and working very hard to get what is in my mind onto the page. This is my way of going about the task of writing, but it is by no means the only way of going about it. Other writers and teachers may give different or altogether conflicting advice. It is the student's job to wade through that advice to discover what works. Second, writing is difficult, and there are no guarantees that what you are working on will ever see print. I tell them that my first publication came when I was a 20-year-old college sophomore. My second publication came when I was a 30-year-old graduate student, which means that for 10 years I was writing and submitting stories for publication without any success. Third, I tell them that their own lives are worth writing about.

This semester I am teaching creative writing at the University of North Carolina-Asheville, which is my alma mater and the campus on which I was living when I wrote and published that first short story 20 years ago. On the first day of class, I told my students the above-mentioned three things that I always tell my classes. When I talked about their lives being worth literature, a student raised his hand and said that he was "just a hick from Mount Airy," and that we could tell by his thick accent. I told him that he did not sound like a hick. He sounded like someone who was from somewhere and that he should rely on his knowledge of the place he is from when writing because you never know what you will come to understand about yourself when you scour your past and investigate the places you call home and the people you knew there.

With this in mind, our first assignment was to write a personal essay that portrays the places students called home and to consider the ways in which their views of these places and the people they knew there have changed over time. Part of the assignment required them to draw a map of their neighborhood and label the places that meant something to them: Where did their friends live? Where did they play? Where were the places that scared them? Where were the places where they were injured or did something brave or had their hearts broken?

Early in the semester I made a promise to my students that I would write with them, which means I would keep an up-to-date writing journal that responds to the same prompts I gave them. It also meant that I would do things like draw a map of the neighborhood from my childhood and write an essay in response to it. Because I have given this assignment before and spent time drawing maps of my old neighborhood in my hometown of Gastonia, North Carolina, I decided to draw a map of my paternal grandparents' neighborhood in Shelby, North Carolina, where we spent just about every Sunday afternoon of my childhood.

When I began sketching my map I drew my grandparents' house, and then I drew the houses around it. An elderly man named Roscoe lived

on one side of my grandparents. In my memory he wore spectacles and a cowboy hat and looked a little like Grandpa Jones from *Hee Haw*. Surely I am filling in someone I cannot remember with someone I can, but if I were to write about Roscoe, then I would have to rely on the image in my mind to do it. On the other side of my grandparents' house a couple named Narse and Linda lived with their daughter Suzie, who was about eight years older than me. I say that Narse's name was Narse, but it was probably Norris and my grandparents and my father pronounced it with only one syllable. I cannot remember what Narse or Linda did for a living, but I remember that Narse had a garage behind his house where he worked on cars, and sometimes he would invite my father and me over to check out his work.

I drew the garage behind Narse's house on my map, and seeing it reminded me of something that I had not thought of in years. Behind my grandparents' house was a huge, dusty patch of garden where they would grow vegetables in long rows. Behind the garden was a stand of trees of some kind. I have a very foggy memory of my father taking my younger brother and me on a walk behind this stand of trees to a shaded area where goats munched on grass. In this memory I am about 4 years old, and my brother, who is in my father's arms, is about 2. I can remember picking up some kind of fruit off the ground, perhaps apples, and feeding it to the goats. I can remember the feel of them eating the fruit from my hand, the roughness of their horns against my palms, the clangs of the bells around their necks as they moved around us.

Where had this memory been for so many years? Would I have recalled it had I not done this exercise, had the image of Narse's garage not led to my grandparents' patch of garden?

I talked about my memory of the goats during our next class. I asked the students to consider how they would use voice to tell their stories. For example, would they limit their perspectives to the moment of their experience when they were 4 or 10 or 15 years old, or would they move beyond it and tell their stories from the contemporary moment of being college freshmen and sophomores? I asked them to ponder this because a 4-year-old's powers of observation are not as sharp as a 10-year-old's, and as authors they have to think about what their characters perceive and how these perceptions will be shared with the reader.

I used an exercise to illustrate my point. On the chalkboard I wrote "memory of feeding the goats." I drew a line on the left and wrote "four years old" above the line. I explained to the class that if I were going to recall this memory from the perspective of my 4-year-old self, then I would only be able to draw on the information I possessed at that time. On the other side of the memory I drew a longer line, and I marked it at several points. If I were to narrate this memory from the perspective of my 15-year-old self, then my voice would probably have an edge of boredom to it: What were we doing out in the backyard feeding goats when I could have been playing video games or shooting basketball or talking on the phone to girls? How would I narrate this memory at 19 after I had lost both my grandparents? Would my recollection of this place that had recently been sold contain an air of nostalgia? Continuing down the line headed away from the memory, I stopped and wrote "thirty-eight," which is how old I was when I lost my father. If I were to narrate this memory from this vantage point, how would I portray the man I had lost as he held my brother in his arms and told me not to be afraid of the small black goats that milled around us?

The line continued a little farther, stopping at 40, the age I am now. There, my back turned to my class, chalk held to the board, I remembered something else that I had forgotten. My grandfather died just before I turned 5. I have memories of knowing he was dying in the bedroom at

Coastal Pet Hospice
and Home Euthanasia Mobile Practice
Jennifer Anderson DVM
Meghan Tayloe DVM
910.769.3395
coastalpethospice.com
@coastalpethospice
• Providing in-home compassionate end-of-life care for your beloved dogs and cats
• Helping families make quality-of-life assessments and provide comfort care for senior, geriatric, and terminally ill pets
• Member of the International Association for Animal Hospice and Palliative Care

my grandparents' house, and I have memories of adults — my parents and aunts and uncles — shushing my brother and me while we played. We were too young to play outside alone, so my father took a break from sitting by his own father's bedside and carried my brother and me outside to the backyard. Wanting us away from the house, he decided to show us the goats on the other side of the trees, where our voices could not be heard inside my grandparents' bedroom.

In that moment, standing in front of my students, I realized that my memory of feeding the goats was not the story I would write based on the map of my grandparents' neighborhood and the memories it conjured. No, I would write about another memory, a memory much more recent, but a memory that involved my father just the same.

I am not 4, but 38. It is not my grandfather who is dying, but my father. We are not at my grandparents' house in Shelby, but at my parents' house in Oak Island, and it is not my brother and me whose voices are being shushed by the adults tending my grandfather, but the voices of my two daughters in the hallway outside my parents' bedroom door. In this memory I pick up my youngest, who is barely 2 months old and having trouble settling down for a nap, and I take the hand of my oldest, who is almost 2. We walk out into my parents' backyard so that my oldest can play and the baby can cry and settle without anyone worrying about her disturbing my father, who we all know is long past being able to hear us.

I look up at the windows of my parents' bedroom, knowing that my father may be gone when I go back inside. Now, as I write this, I wonder if my own father thought the same thing on that day long ago as he held my brother and watched a small black goat eat an apple from my hand. What else could he have been thinking? How good it feels to have the warm spring sun on your face, to feel the heft of a baby in your arms, to hear the sounds of a child laughing outside in the light.

These memories have been locked inside me from anywhere from two to 36 years, and they are layered and resonant and difficult to describe. I would struggle to explain how to get them on the page, and doing so would not guarantee anything at all aside from the work it would take. But I do believe these memories are worth writing about, and I do believe that I will stay in that moment, a goat nibbling at an apple in my hand, my newborn daughter asleep in my arms, my father and my grandfather on the cusp of leaving this world, for as long as I can.

Wiley Cash lives in Wilmington with his wife and their two daughters. His new novel, The Last Ballad, *is available wherever books are sold.*

MICHELE SIMPSON DDS

Now Welcoming
NEW PATIENTS

Dr. Simpson combines advanced dental technology with a gentle, friendly style.

Comprehensive Family Dental Care

Cleanings & Exams
Restorations
Tooth Whitening
Crowns & Bridges
Dentures & Implants
Veneers
Gum Disease
Digital Impressions
Snoring Appliance
TMJ Treatment
Digital X-rays
Nitrous Oxide
Advance Technology
and MORE!

910.791.7911 | www.CrownMySmile.com
3317 Masonboro Loop Road, Suite 140
Wilmington, NC 28409

Concerned about OVERCROWDING?

join us for an
OPEN HOUSE
MARCH 15
8:15AM
For more information, call 791.0287 or visit CapeFearAcademy.org

Cape Fear Academy's small class sizes create a personalized learning community where each student is truly known and empowered to
GO FURTHER.
3900 South College Road | Wilmington, NC 28412

CFA 50 YEARS
CAPE FEAR ACADEMY

Lear in the Age of Trump

The un-common stagecraft of Jamie Rocha Allan

By Gwenyfar Rohler

Jamie Rocha Allan smiles and tells me that his middle name is pronounced ROSH-ah. "It's Portuguese," he explains. "We went back every year." His mother's family is from a small village south of Lisbon, where Allan visited until he was in his early 20s. "I never thought of myself as being English because I was the child of immigrants. When I was in London — being sort of Mediterranean — people who were properly, like, 'pasty English' were always saying to me, 'Where are you from? You sound like a Londoner, but you sort of don't look English.'" He laughs and then recounts that when he moved to the United States, his wife informed him that his voice and English identity would now be his most defining feature.

Perhaps it is that sense of straddling two worlds that makes Shakespeare so interesting to Allan. Picture William Shakespeare, a 16th-century man from the sticks (Stratford-Upon-Avon) hustling to make a living in the big city of London. He is at best a country hick with a grammar-school education and apprenticeship as a glove maker, swimming in the sea of the snobbish cultural metropolis of London. "For me it's like learning about him as the man, or just sort of as a human being, that is infinitely more interesting. I think the mistake with Shakespeare, where you miss out on something, is treating the Complete Works as a holy book and not seeing him as fallible," Allan explains. "I love the idea of him just being this geezer who's like, 'Look, I write for money. Just tell me what you want and you can have it, as long as you pay.'" Perhaps that sentiment isn't so far off for a freelance theater director in search of a gig. Currently based in Salt Lake City, Utah, Allan is spending this winter in Wilmington as the guest director for Dram Tree Shakespeare's production of *King Lear*, which opens this month at McEachern's Warehouse on Front Street.

"I think it's one of those shows with Shakespeare that's really fascinating. It's kind of in the middle of being known and unknown," Allan notes. "It's not on the greatest hits roster like *Hamlet* or *Romeo and Juliet*, but it's not *Pericles* or *Cymbeline* either. *King Lear* kind of lives somewhere in the middle."

Allan acknowledges that he has heard a lot of talk about the appropriateness of *King Lear* in the age of Trump, "Aging lunatic and none of his family like him. . . no, I see that. Initially my instinct was about setting it in modern-day England — it's like Shakespeare Brexit — dividing the country." But the more he thought about it, the more the script called to him to look at the setting The Bard gave it — 8th-century pagan England, a time of chieftains when violence was the natural tool of ambition: "By presenting something that has. . . distance from you, it allows you more mental space to project something onto it," Allan explains. A space between identities of the civilized world we have become and the violence that lurks just under our skin.

Like many directors, Allan began life as an actor. His mother signed him up for an acting class at the age of 10. Neither of them expected it to

set the course for the rest of his life. By his mid-teens he was doing some assistant directing and running the acting classes for the younger kids in the program. That led to the Royal Central School of Speech and Drama (Judi Dench and Laurence Olivier's alma mater).

"I had a chance to do a little bit of directing while I was there. Then I came up and started a small sort of company, touring stuff around schools and colleges with a friend of mine," he recalls. "We made kind of educational theater. It was great — he mostly wrote and I directed and then we were in it. It was mostly two-man shows, and we would turn up with a couple of rucksacks with all the set in it."

Allan attributes much of his outlook as a director to these experiences. All the technical effects in the world cannot save a bad production: "If you don't have a show in the rehearsal room, then you don't have a show. If the heart isn't there. . . that's what you really quickly learn because there is no bullshit with (performing for) teenagers."

But he wasn't getting many roles in shows he didn't produce. "I was mainly getting cast as a drug dealer or a terrorist," he concedes. "You know that's slightly reductive given what I want to play." But when directing a show, he could explore all the roles — not just the one he was cast in. Like when he directed an all-female production of *Medea*. "High-born men as the main characters and working-class people as the comic relief," he waves a hand dismissively, "doesn't really do it for me. I think in a way I've always wanted to put chorus and ensemble at the heart of the work." So at each performance the cast would select a different performer to portray Medea that time, making the story not singular but universal.

After grad school he landed an assistant director position at the Royal Shakespeare Company (RSC). "I was at the RSC for just over a year, it was 2012. . . At the time Michael Boyd was the artistic director," Allan notes. "One of the first things he said to me was, 'Do you know what amateur means?'

"I was like, 'I've got an idea.' and he says 'No, do you know what the word means?' 'No,' I said. He told me, 'For the love of.'"

Allan pauses, clearly struck by the memory and the lesson. "That is really beautiful."

Dram Tree Shakespeare's production of *King Lear* will take place from March 8 to 25 at McEachern's Warehouse, 121 S. Front Street, Wilmington. For more information, call 910-726-3545. For tickets: 800-838-3006.

Gwenyfar Rohler spends her days managing her family's bookstore on Front Street.

CRAIGE & FOX PLLC
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS AT LAW

CHARLOTTE NOEL FOX

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Noel concentrates her practice in
Civil Litigation, Estate Administration,
and Municipal Law.

701 MARKET STREET • WILMINGTON, NC 28401 • WWW.CRAIGEANDFOX.COM
910-815-0085 PHONE • 910-815-1095 FAX

Bobby Brandon Real Estate Team

Selling Wilmington and Wrightsville Beach since 1993

www.bobbybrandon.com

108-#3 Turtle Cay • 3 Bed, 3 Bath
Open floor plan • River views
$258,500

2716 -Unit C S. 17th St. • 2 Bed, 2 Bath
Top floor condo
$93,000

1000 Creekside Ln. • 3 Bed, 3 Bath
Creek/marsh front home
$575,000

242 Brighton Rd. • 3 Bed, 1.5 Bath
Renovated home • Cute as can be!

1505 W. Morning Dove Ct. • 3 Bed, 3.5 Bath
1 mile to Wrightsville Beach
$417,000

13 Bahama Dr. • 3 Bed, 3.5 Bath
Sound front home with boat dock
Incredible views!
$3,000,000

4418 N. College Rd. • 3 Bed, 2 Bath
1600 sq/ft. • 30x30 shop plus storage shed
1+ acres. May be able to subdivide?
$249,000

Bobby Brandon (910) 538-6261
bobbyb@intracoastalrealty.com
Michelle Wheeles (910) 382-0611
mwheeles@intracoastalrealty.com
Pam Parrish (910) 262-1738
pparish@intracoastalrealty.com
Drew Mayer (910) 617-5336
dmayer@intracoastalrealty.com
1900 Eastwood Road. Ste 38, Wilmington, NC 28403

Bobby Brandon Going the Distance for You
Intracoastal Realty Corporation Experience the Exceptional

Why is a team concept more beneficial to you?
YOU get the whole TEAM and 25 years of experience!

True Happiness

For Support the Port founder Cedric Harrison, bringing people and communities together is the path to a meaningful life – and a better hometown

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW SHERMAN

By Dana Sachs

A few years ago, after yet another young man died violently in Wilmington, Cedric Harrison decided to do something about it. A young Wilmington man himself, he used his own money and donations from others to produce yard signs that read: STOP THE VIOLENCE. Then he put up the signs around the city, creating memorials to those our community has lost. So many people wanted signs for their homes and businesses that he quickly ran out of stock.

I could describe Cedric in a lot of ways. He's a young black man, yes, but he's also a radio host, graduate of UNC Pembroke (major in mass communications, minor in theater), assistant coordinator of the Nixon Minority Male Leadership Center at Cape Fear Community College, T-shirt and sweatshirt entrepreneur and founder of Support the Port, a local nonprofit that aims to bring Wilmington's disparate communities together. He has also, in his 29 years, played on the New Hanover High School football team, worked as a brand consultant in Atlanta, served as nonmedical staff at a Washington military hospital, and cleaned toilets at McDonald's ("That was really discouraging," he says).

Perhaps the word that best describes Cedric is "impresario." He's one of those rare individuals who can combine seemingly unrelated elements to create something fresh and unexpected. And because he sees working toward social justice as part of his mission in life, he's using this talent to change the world. "I feel like a young Kanye," he says. "Without the rants and the millions of dollars."

It's not that hard, actually, to imagine a young Kanye West starting a shirt company like Cedric's, which he calls "Vs. Your City." When we meet for lunch at the Chinese restaurant Double Happiness, Cedric arrives sporting his signature sweatshirt, imprinted with the logo "Northside Vs. Your Side." The design uses the idea of sports' fan rivalries to encourage people to step beyond the familiar and engage with people from other communities, much like fans coming together for friendly competition.

Cedric himself grew up in local low-income housing. "Greentree. Market North. Garden Lake. Rankin Terrace," he says, listing the names of various Wilmington Public Housing residences that he once called home. "I used to think that everything that happened in my four corners was the same all over the world," he tells me. Then, when he was 16 years old, he traveled to New York for the first time. The city offered so much more than a kid could find at Rankin Terrace. The experience, he says, "opened my eyes to the world."

Cedric is certainly not the first young person to become intoxicated by big city life, and he's also not the first to leave his hometown and contribute to the loss of talented young people that he calls "the brain drain." But even as he got an education and began his career elsewhere, he retained emo-

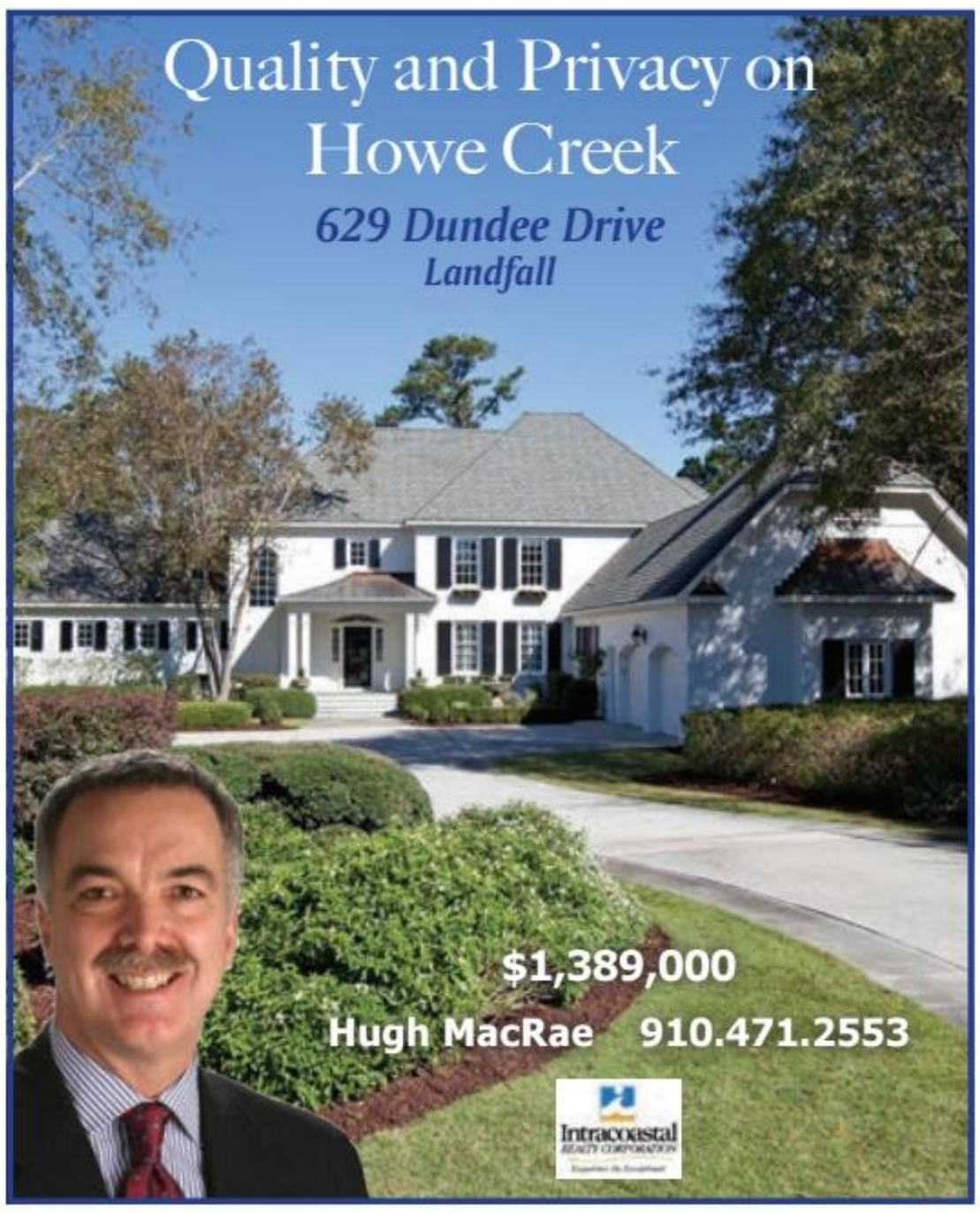
tional ties to his old neighborhoods. These communities suffered from considerable problems, including violent crime and "a lack of excellence, a lack of ownership," on the part of people who lived there. At the same time, it seemed to him that the wider world only focused on negative stories coming out of these neighborhoods. "Bad things happen everywhere," he says, but the media never seemed to cover good news. "Where's the light? Where's the hope? Where's the faith?" he asked himself.

For years, Cedric observed the situation from a distance, spending most of his time in Atlanta and Washington, D.C. Eventually, he came to feel that "the work I was doing there could have more intrinsic value in the place where I'm from." As a branding professional, he decided to return to Wilmington and rebrand his own community.

He started, he says, "by creating my own content." When Support the Port wanted to help people with criminal backgrounds find jobs, the group sponsored an employment fair called Fresh Chance Friday and brought in attorneys to give advice. When the group decided to educate people on the history of the local African-American community, it produced a coloring book called *Wilmington in Color* and sold it locally. And to help domestic violence survivors furnish new homes, Support the Port convinced a mattress company to donate a queen-size bed, then staged a giveaway called Queen for a Queen.

Cedric is quick to point out that he is running a very low-budget operation. The Queen for a Queen event, for example, only gave away one bed. Still, that bed represents positive change for a single family, and the effort demonstrates that determined people can be effective, even without much money. "Don't wait for somebody else to be a savior," Cedric says. "See what you can do for yourself."

As a "content creator," Cedric snaps into action over lunch. A plate of lettuce wraps arrives at our table, and he pulls out his phone to take a picture of the steaming plate of sautéed ground chicken and the lettuce leaves that



Pine Valley
ANIMAL HOSPITAL
Kenneth E. Layton, DVM
Dr. Layton received the 1st Annual Sidney Award
from Paws4People Foundation
You can judge the heart of a man by his treatment of animals.
Family Owned and Operated
106 Longstreet Drive | Wilmington, NC 28412 | 910.799.4500
www.PineValleyAnimalHospital.com
Hours: Mon-Fri 8am-6pm | Sat 8am-12pm

accompany it. A few more clicks and the photo shoots out to his followers on Instagram. "People are interested in this stuff," he tells me. Then he puts the phone down, spoons chicken onto a piece of lettuce, and takes a bite.

A moment passes before he makes his culinary assessment: "That's innovative," he says, and then he starts to laugh. "I'm a food critic. I gave myself that title."

Double Happiness offers both typical Chinese fare, like crispy fried Firecracker Chicken, and more unusual dishes, like Shanghai rice cakes, which pairs quarter-size rice flour disks with sautéed shrimp and bok choy. I love these chewy pasta-like circles. Cedric isn't as charmed. "I won't eat rice cake again, but the shrimp is good," he says. He focuses more attention on a lightly breaded Sweet and Sour Fish topped with peppers and pineapple. "I love pineapple," he tells me. "On pizza, my friends hate it, but I love it."

Someday, Cedric hopes Support the Port will have its own building, and perhaps grow to a national level. For now, though, he's focusing on uniting Wilmington's far-flung communities. "The college students don't go past College Road," he says. "Downtown people don't leave downtown. People at the beach don't leave the beach."

With each small event, with each yard sign, with each sale of a coloring book, Cedric hopes to bring strangers together. "You need to know the millionaire next door and the millionaire needs to know you," he says. "That's the only way to progress."

Double Happiness Restaurant, located at 4403 Wrightsville Ave., is open for lunch and dinner every day. For more information on Support the Port, visit www.supportttheport.com. If you're interested in purchasing the *Wilmington in Color* coloring book or apparel from *Vs. Your City*, visit www.VsYourCity.com.

Dana Sachs's latest novel, The Secret of the Nightingale Palace, *is available at bookstores, online and throughout Wilmington.*

CoolSweats
www.coolsweatsatthebeach.com

Krazy Larry
Wooden Ships
AG Denim
Indigenous
Hard Tail
Mod-O-Doc
Bella Dahl
Kinross
Wilt

Wilmington
Pinehurst

1051 Military Cutoff Rd.
910.509.0273

LILLA | P

elle
visionary clothes for visionary women

1437 Military Cutoff
Suite 105
Wilmington, NC

Mon-Fri 10-6
Sat 10-5
Sun 12-5

www.elleclothing.com
follow us @ellewilmington

Sponsored by

DHG
DIXON HUGHES GOODMAN LLP

BROOKS PIERCE

DYNAMIC QUEST

First Citizens Bank
forever first

CAPITAL INVESTMENT COMPANIES

FRANKLIN STREET PARTNERS

TMO

WCI
Leadership For Employers

BUSINESS NORTH CAROLINA magazine and the Executive Board invite you to attend the

NC CEOsummit

MARCH 26-27 PINEHURST

Please Join Us For An Exciting Gathering Of Leaders: Timely Topics, Dynamic Speakers, Networking, Golf #2, Fellowship and Fun

SPEAKERS

Below are a few of the distinguished speakers that will be sharing their knowledge with our attendees:

MARCUS ALLEN
NFL Hall of Famer

RONNIE LOTT
NFL Hall of Famer

FLYNN COCHRAN
Former Navy Seal

JULIA CURTIS
Leadership Coach

KEL LANDIS
Plexus

THOMAS BOOTHBY
DHG

BRENT CILIANO
First Citizens

CHARLES MARSHALL
Brooks Pierce

PATRICK LONG
Captive Insurance

ROBERT OWEN
TMO

AGENDA

- **DISRUPTING HEALTHCARE:** Patrick Long on how to lower costs and improve outcomes
- **NAVIGATING THE TAX CODE:** Thomas Boothby and David Dills, DHG Market Presidents
- **IMPROVING THE WAY YOU THINK:** Julia Curtis, Leadership Coach, on smart CEO approaches
- **THE BOOK OF DO:** Kel Landis, CEO of Plexus and former RBC CEO, on his insightful new book
- **MARKET FORECAST:** Brent Ciliano, First Citizens Chief Investment Officer, on what to expect in 2018
- **MIDDLE MARKET M&A UPDATE:** Robert Owen, Partner in TMO, on multiples and tips for buyers and sellers
- **CYBER SECURITY FOR MIDDLE MARKET:** Charles Marshall on how to make your company and data safer

REGISTRATION - RSVP BY MARCH

LIMITED AVAILABILITY! For more information and registration, visit www.businessnc.com/ceosummit.

EXECUTIVE BOARD MEMBERS

Zeb Hadley | National Coatings
Jeff Harris | Furniture Land South
Mike Mayer | First Bank
Burney Jennings | Biscuitville
Scott Custer | Live Oak Bank
James Maynard | Investors Management Corp
Brad Kemmerer | ABCO Automation
Peter Bristow | First Citizens Bank
John McKinney | Alfred Williams & Co.
Jamie Ledford | Golf Pride
Heather Denny | McDonald York Building Co.
Bill Smith | Trust Company of the South
Fredrick Reese | WCI, Inc.
Thomas Boothby | DHG

Love on the Half Shell

The subtle saltwater complexity of oysters provokes an elemental hunger. And there's no wrong way to eat them

By Jane Lear

For most folks, their first oyster is a rite of passage, often viewed, if the bivalve is raw on the half shell, with trepidation and/or bravado. Mine was not raw, but an angel on horseback — that is, shucked, wrapped in bacon and broiled until the bacon is crisp. My parents delighted in this inexpensive luxury, and thought to offer me one at around age 8. Never mind that I was adept at filching them from an unattended tray in the kitchen — that suave, salty, officially sanctioned bite made me feel all grown up. I was part of the In Crowd.

We lived in Wilmington at the time, and I soon progressed to the offerings at local "oyster roasts" — the bare-bones seafood restaurants that once flourished out in the country around Masonboro Sound. Our family favorite was Uncle Henry's, established on Whiskey Creek in 1924 by one Henry M. Kirkum (1872-1954). It remained in the Kirkum family until 1990, when the property was sold and became part of a subdivision. I wonder what they did with the restaurant's huge midden of oyster shells that had accumulated over the generations.

I remember my mother liked to save the shells that caught her eye. They made practical saltcellars by the stove and on the table, and there were typically a couple on the kitchen windowsill, used to soak seeds before planting or pocket camellia blooms.

My parents started going to Uncle Henry's when it had a dirt floor and kerosene lamps; after Hurricane Hazel demolished the original structure, it was rebuilt, although aside from the installation of electric lighting and restrooms, there were few concessions to modernity. Everybody liked it that way.

Among the menu's listings were clam chowder, clam fritters, seafood dinners, chicken and steak. But no one we knew ever ordered anything except "roast oysters." By the time I became a regular, Henry's son Elwood was at the helm in the shed out back. He would shovel bushels of oysters in the shell onto a piece of sheet metal heated from underneath, then douse the mound with water and cover it with wet burlap so the oysters would steam in their own briny juices, or liquor. My dad would whistle in admiration. "That is hard, hard work," he would say. "And he makes it look easy."

One of my father's favorite methods of cooking the bivalves was something he called "sweetheart oysters," because it's best when made for two people. In a small saucepan, he would melt an enjoyable chunk of butter over moderate heat, then tip in a pint of drained shucked oysters. To prevent them from overcooking, he'd stir them around in the pot with his finger, a trick he'd learned from his mother and grandmother.

It only took a few minutes before the oysters' edges would begin to curl and stirring became too hot for comfort. He would immediately yank the pot off the stove and spoon the oysters and their sauce — nothing more than pan juices and butter — into warmed soup plates. This simple treatment has become a staple supper at our house, where my husband and I enjoy it with plenty of hot buttered toast and a watercress salad.

What gives oysters their allure is that their flavors — briny, sweet, creamy, buttery, nutty, metallic; sometimes, there's even a hint of cucumber or melon — come from the waters in which they grow and the microalgae on which they feed. And although each oyster variety is named for the place it's harvested, they all come from just five oyster species cultivated in North America. The one indigenous to the East and Gulf coasts is *Crassostrea virginica*, and among the best known North Carolina *virginicas* are those from Stump Sound, which stretches from Sneads Ferry to Topsail Island. It is one of the saltiest estuaries on the Eastern Seaboard.

"Here in North Carolina, we have so much variation in water salinity and plankton that the oysters taste really different from place to place," says Chuck Weirich, a North Carolina Sea Grant marine aquaculture specialist. Among

PHASE 2 NOW OPEN!
Call today to schedule a personal tour of Wilmington's premiere resort style optimal living community.
Limited time offer on select new units in phase 2, including a $1000 moving package!
CAMBRIDGE VILLAGE
WILMINGTON
An Optimal Living Community
910.408.3039
75 CAVALIER DRIVE | WILMINGTON, NC 28405 | www.cambridgevillageofwilmington.com

other North Carolina oysters you'll find at local raw bars, restaurants and seafood markets are the Bodie Island and Crab Slough (both from the Outer Banks), Cedar Island Selects and the green-gilled Atlantic Emerald, harvested from the North River in the winter, when the diatom that gives the oysters their tinge of celadon are most active.

Unlike many other forms of aquaculture, which can create an ecological problem with excess feed and waste, the cultivation of filter feeders like oysters is environmentally restorative. Virginia leads the way on the East Coast, and its success has inspired other Southern states, including North Carolina, to invest in the industry.

Thanks to advances in refrigerated shipping and scrupulous handling protocols, oysters are no longer an indulgence exclusive to coastal residents. And as for the old adage about eating oysters only in the *r* months (September through April), it's tied into the creature's reproductive cycle. Oysters begin to accumulate glycogen, a sweet-tasting carbohydrate compound, in the fall, when the water temperature drops. The colder the water, the more glycogen is stored, and the sweeter and fatter the oysters.

Starting in April, when the water begins to warm up, the bivalves gradually convert glycogen to reproductive material, so they become less sweet. In early summer, when the oysters are spawning, they produce a milky substance that looks unappealing — in the words of the late, great oyster expert Jon Rowley, they deserve their privacy — and by the end of summer they turn slack and skimpy, losing much of their flavor in the process.

That's why many growers are turning to what are known as triploids. "The French call them 'spawnless oysters,'" says Weirich. "That *-oid* ending kinda freaks people out." There's no genetic modification involved, he explained, but these oysters remain plump and juicy throughout the hot months because they're bred to be sterile. "Like seedless watermelons," Weirich notes.

I like seedless watermelons just fine, and I like triploid oysters, too. Still, I tend to consider oysters, like tomatoes, a seasonal delicacy. I don't eat fresh tomatoes in the winter, and I generally lose my taste for oysters in the summer. But it's only March, and we still have time.

***

An oyster roast is one of the world's great outdoor culinary celebrations. Make sure there are several sturdy surfaces available so guests can open their own oysters; throughout the coastal South, you'll find large cable spool "tables" upcycled for this very purpose. You'll want to have plenty of oyster knives (available at seafood markets) and work gloves (to protect the hand holding the oyster) at the ready as well. Don't forget the beer.

When it comes to embellishments, purists swear by nothing more than a spritz of fresh

lemon juice and some saltines as a chaser. And there are those who prefer a ketchup-based cocktail sauce doctored with Texas Pete (which, despite the name, is made in Winston-Salem). I like both treatments, but typically add one more — mignonette sauce. The French, after all, love oysters as much as we do.

Roast Oysters

A bushel holds about 100 oysters and typically feeds four to six people. It's a good idea to scrub the oysters briefly under cold water before roasting. And don't despair if you don't have the wherewithal to build a cinderblock fire pit complete with sheet-metal cooktop. I get things working in our fire pit as well as on the grill and can easily feed a small crowd that way.

Spread a generous layer of hardwood charcoal in the bottom of a large fire pit and/or grill. Light the coals and let them burn down until they're glowing red. The grill rack should rest five or six inches above the coals.

Spread as many oysters as you can in a single layer on baking sheets. (A pizza pan is best for a kettle-style Weber grill.) Cover with wet burlap or canvas tarp and cook until the shells are very hot and begin to pop open.

Serve at once with sauces and saltines.

Mignonette Sauce

Makes 1 cup

Coarsely grind 3 tablespoons of black peppercorns. In a glass or stainless steel bowl, combine the pepper with 3 tablespoons minced shallots and 2/3 cup white wine vinegar or a mix of white wine and sherry vinegars. Let stand about 20 minutes before serving. Mignonette can be made a day ahead and refrigerated.

Shucking Notes

Hold the oyster in a gloved hand with the cupped shell half on the bottom and the tapered hinged end facing you. Ease the tip of an oyster knife into the hinge and apply a little leverage to coax it open. Keeping the oyster level, so the liquor stays in the bottom half, lift off the top shell. Slide the knife under the oyster meat to sever the muscle that connects it to the shell, and eat immediately. If the oyster is a big 'un, don't be afraid to chew to extract every bit of flavor.

Jane Lear was the senior articles editor at Gourmet *and features director at* Martha Stewart Living. *Her work has appeared in numerous publications, including the* New York Times, Wall Street Journal, Garden Design, The Magazine Antiques, The Oxford Companion *to* Sugar and Sweets, *and the forthcoming* Edna Lewis: At the Table with an American Original *(to be published next month by UNC Press).*

PATHFINDER
WEALTH CONSULTING
Guiding You Forward
With Spring comes the opportunity to plant new seeds.
Let us guide you towards fertile financial grounds.
office 910.793.0616
www.pwcpath.com
4018 Oleander Dr. Ste 102
Wilmington, NC 28403
Securities and advisory services offered through Commonwealth Financial Network, Member FINRA/SIPC, a Registered Investment Adviser.

furniture • upholstery • carpet & rugs • wallpaper • lighting • artwork • fabrics
wall coverings • window treatments • custom orders • interior design services
nest
Fine Gifts and Interiors
Wilmington's Premier location for
interior design, home decor
& accessories
Located in The Forum | 1125-T Military Cutoff | (910) 256-6378 | www.nestfinegifts.com | like us on facebook

Sleight of Hand

Pull these bottles out of your hat at your next cocktail party

By Tony Cross

In your lifetime,

I'm sure you've heard someone say, "Oh, no. I don't drink (insert tequila, gin or other spirit here) anymore; it makes me mean!" I've heard this among peers, and I've been instructed while bartending for guests on what not to use as a base spirit when someone has asked, "Will you just surprise me with whatever you want to make? Just don't use whiskey, gin or tequila." If this is speaking to you, then keep reading. A certain spirit has never made me mean; it's quite the opposite — not having a spirit to sip on at the end of a long day, but that's another story . . .

Here are a few drinks that you should try if you're the least bit interested in adding those "mean spirits" to your repertoire. And, just for the record, it was probably the ton of drinks you consumed before that shot of tequila that made you make terrible life decisions while you time-traveled.

Aside from Aftershock, and Goldschläger, it seems like gin is a shoo-in for third place as the drink that most folks won't return to after college. For many of you who dislike gin, it's the London Dry style of gin that is a turnoff. Tons of juniper. You dislike juniper. Nowadays there are myriad distilleries that are turning out delicious (and not juniper-forward) gins. I used to play a trick on guests who wanted something "that tastes good with vodka." I'd usually whip up a citrus-heavy concoction with Uncle Val's Botanical Gin. Distilled in Bend, Oregon, and bottled in California, this lemon bomb of a gin has converted the most vehement anti-gin drinkers. Here's a drink that I created when my little sis turned of age. She bugged me for two years to name a drink after her, so it was only fair that I obliged.

Heidi Lynne

1 1/2 ounces Uncle Val's Botanical Gin

3/4 ounce Solerno Blood Orange Liqueur (sub Cointreau if you have to)

3/4 ounce lemon juice

1/2 ounce homemade grenadine*

Combine all ingredients into a cocktail shaker, add ice, and shake vigorously for 10 seconds. Double strain into a chilled cocktail coupe. Add a very thin lemon wheel for garnish.

*Take 8 ounces of POM pomegranate juice and 12 ounces demerara sugar. Combine in pot over medium heat and stir until sugar is dissolved. Bottle, and place in refrigerator when cooled. Will last a few weeks.

I'm a little biased when it comes to rum. I can't understand how someone can take a sip from a great rum cocktail and not feel happiness on the inside. In the past I just thought that these people have no soul. And while in certain cases, that statement carries some weight, the others are probably just misinformed, e.g., Bacardi and Coke. I always start with the daiquiri when introducing someone to rum. As I've written before, it's the perfect example of balanced ingredients in a cocktail. Most folks know three kinds of rum: Bacardi, Captain Morgan and Malibu. That's kind of like saying, "I've had a cheeseburger before, but only from McDonald's, Burger King and Wendy's." Then you go to a Five Guys, and your head explodes. Caña Brava is a white rum from Panama that's aged three years. The 86 Company released this rum alongside a gin, tequila and vodka that are premium spirits with moderate pricing. Some of the biggest names in bartending created this company, and it shows. One of the indie liquor distributor's former members, Dushan Zaric, had this to say of their rum: "Caña Brava rum is a very clean and fresh blanco with notes of sugar cane and citrus supported by flavors from oak. A balanced note of fresh cut green grass with honey, coconut and molasses. On the palate, it is smooth and clean with plenty of citrus and slight oak notes offering a touch of vanilla, cacao butter and dark chocolate." Zaric's recipes for old classics got

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY CROSS

me into the spirits game, so I believe anything he says. Now, let's drink.

Daiquiri

2 ounces Caña Brava Rum (or sub Flor de Caña seco)
3/4 ounce lime juice
1/2 ounce rich cane sugar syrup

Add all ingredients into a cocktail shaker, and shake like hell for 10 seconds. Strain into a chilled coupe glass. No garnish, or at least I don't use one. If you'd like to put a spin on this, muddle a few blackberries in your shaker before adding liquid ingredients. Be sure to double strain when pouring into the coupe.

I'll admit that whisk(e)y is one spirit I understand folks passing on. When I was 18, Jack Daniels was *not* my friend. Even worse, I thought that all whiskey tasted like Jack. These days, Jack and I are cool. I learned that there are (just like with all spirits) different ingredients, different distillation methods, and so on, that result in different flavor profiles. On paper, introducing someone to a bourbon whiskey sour would be a great start in converting a non-believer, but I'd like to suggest the Old Fashioned. I've had countless guests declare that they never thought they would enjoy an Old Fashioned but, once again, the *balance* of spirit, sugar, water and bitters round out this beautiful hooch. The recipe below is a slight tweak from Zaric (formerly 86 Co. and co-owner of New York City's famed bar Employees Only). Employing a little bit of chocolate in this Old Fashioned adds depth with the bourbon and orange bitters.

Old Fashioned #7

2 ounces Smooth Ambler Old Scout Single Barrel Bourbon
1/4 ounce cacao nib-infused rich demerara syrup*
3 dashes Angostura
2 dashes orange bitters

Combine all ingredients in a chilled cocktail shaker. Add ice, and stir until you believe you've reached proper dilution. Strain into a rocks glass over ice. Garnish with a swath of lemon and orange peel.

*Cacao nib-infused rich demerara syrup: In a pot, combine 1/2 cup water and 8 ounces (by weight) of demerara sugar. Stir over medium heat until sugar is dissolved. Place syrup in blender and add 1/4 cup of cacao nibs. Blend on low for 10 seconds. Put into a container and let sit for 4 hours. Strain through cheesecloth, bottle and refrigerate.

Tony Cross is a bartender who runs cocktail catering company Reverie Cocktails *in Southern Pines.*

PORT CITY JAVA
SKINNY SHAKE
Skim milk and vanilla are blended with ice cream and ice to create a skinny version of your favorite treat.
FOLLOW US ON

Second-Generation Craftsmanship That's Second To None.

Coastal Cabinets founder Mike Powell has been building fine cabinetry since childhood. Now with more than a dozen skilled artisans, Coastal Cabinets can handle any size custom project.

"My father taught me what it means to work hard and to make sure every customer is happy with the finished product."

COASTAL CABINETS

910.792.6152 CoastalCabinets.com

PAWS & CLAWS

ANIMAL HOSPITAL, P.C.

Dr. Sam Smith
Dr. Stephen Anderson
Dr. Natalie-Anne Reinhart
Dr. Carrie MaGrann

Practicing in Preventive & Internal Medicine, Advanced Dentistry and Surgery for Cats, Dogs and Exotics

"Devoted Vets for Beloved Pets"

202 Giles Ave, Wilmington NC 28403
910.399.3768 | info@pawsclawsah.com
www.pawsclawsah.com

leisure world
casual furniture

offering the finest selection of quality outdoor living furniture & accessories

6629 market street | wilmington, nc 28405 | 910.392.7748

palm garden
A Tommy Bahama Signature Store
Mon-Sat 10-9, Sun 12-6

Mayfaire Town Center • 6804 Main Street • Wilmington, NC • 910.256.9984
www.shoppalmgarden.com

Life's Music

Songs I want to hear again

By Bill Thompson

No matter how hard we try, how much attention we pay to details, how much research we do or how committed we are, we can never create another first time. By definition a first time can't be repeated. As I get older I often wish I could re-create some of the most momentous moments of my life. Some I can't repeat because I don't remember them: my first steps, my first words. Some I don't want to repeat, in fact, some I'd just as soon forget.

But as I get older, I naturally reflect on my past. In doing so, I have found that there is one recurring theme for me: music. Almost every aspect of my life has been influenced in some way by music. Some of those times I was a performer and sometimes I was a listener. But in every case, the first time I had that musical experience it affected how I proceeded from that time on. Although I can't hear or sing that music again for the first time, I can recall it.

I want to hear again for the first time the sound of a country band with a steel guitar playing in a room so filled with smoke that it looks like the place is on fire. I want to watch people dance who can't dance but move their feet and whatever other parts of their body that still work to the beat of the music. I want to listen to a song about home and railroads and lost love and pickup trucks and mama.

I want to hear again for the first time the clear voice of a young soprano learning Puccini's "Un Bel Di, Vedrimo" from *Madame Butterfly*. I want to hear that aria ringing down the hall of the college music building to mix with a violin and an oboe and other instruments and other voices to form a beautiful cacophony. I want to hear the pipe organ in the chapel pushing Bach's *Toccata and Fugue* across the campus on a cold winter's night accompanying young lovers holding hands as they walk down the brick walkways that weave between the classroom buildings.

I want to hear again for the first time the sea breeze blowing across the sand dunes and lifting the easy rhythm of "My Girl" to the outdoor pavilion where couples dance, their fingers barely touching, their Weejuns sliding across the wooden dance floor. I want to hear the youthful laughter, feel the sense of time and place created there that will be transferred to the next generation and the next, a part of our Southern heritage.

I want to hear for the first time the sound of a worn-out guitar playing the real blues, the kind that bursts and ripples and weeps and shouts and whispers from the soul of the black man playing it on the dirt patio of a juke joint where I wasn't supposed to be. I want to hear that voice as it sheds a lifetime of struggle and acceptance at the feet of those like him who have shared that struggle and understand the acquiescence.

I want to hear again for the first time the blending of choir voices: a small country church choir singing those old hymns sung from memory and accompanied by a pianist playing "by ear" on an upright piano with chipped keys; a choir of young boys lifted from home situations where they were sometimes abused and neglected but, through music, lifted above their past; a choir of small children, me among them, each singing his own version of "I Wonder As I Wander" to an audience of family members.

And, yes, I want to hear again for the first time the applause of the audience when I sang my first solo as a member of my high school chorus when the football coach who had previously viewed me as most inadequate said, "Damn, boy! You can sing!"

I want to hear again for the first time the comfortable, magical blend of voices and a beat-up old guitar as my sister and I sang the folk songs of the '60s to any group that would pay us even if the pay was just a meal.

Time doesn't dim the memory of such things. Those sounds are indelibly imprinted in my mind and I can recall them almost as clearly as if they happened just yesterday. That's a good thing, I guess, since I can't re-create that first time.

Bill Thompson is a regular Salt *contributor. His newest novel,* Chasing Jubal, *a coming of age story in the 1950s Blue Ridge, is available where books are sold.*

Brightmore UNIVERSITY SERIES

A Diverse Program for Lifestyle Enrichment

March 2018

Collaborations & Criminal Outcomes of the Opioid & Opiate Epidemic

Presented by: Local District Attorney, Ben David

Thursday, March 15th, 2018 at 2 P.M.

Learn of region's coordinated community efforts, court's innovative techniques to handle drug abusers/dealers, and how you can contribute in the fight against an epidemic affecting our youth, adults and our MATURE populations. Q & A session will follow the presentation.

RSVP by Wednesday, March 14th

Voices of Recovery Series: Part 3

"The Burden of Pain": Opiate & Opioid Addiction and The Role We Play

Presented by: Julius Davis, RRCI Certified Peer Support Specialist and Kenny House, V.P. of Clinical Services for Coastal Horizon

Thursday, March 22nd, 2018 at 2 P.M.

We have all heard of the opioid epidemic affecting our town. In this presentation, Julius Davis along with Coastal Horizon's Kenny House, explores the root causes of this epidemic and explains what opiates and opioids are, who they affect, and how we can work together towards a solution. Mr. Davis will also share his own spiritual recovery journey.

RSVP by Wednesday, March 21st

Antique Furniture & Jewelry Appraisal Fair & Car Show

Presented by: Brightmore of Wilmington

Saturday, March 24th, 2018 from 10 A.M. – 3 P.M.

How much green could your treasures bring? Join us for an appraisal of your Antiques, Jewelry & Collectibles and enjoy revisiting the past at our outdoor Antique Fair and Car Show.

RSVP by Thursday, March 22nd

Brightmore of Wilmington
2324 South 41st Street, Wilmington | 910.350.1980
www.brightmoreofwilmington.com

BUTLER'S ELECTRIC SUPPLY
2013 Castle St. Wilmington, NC 28403
910.762.3345 I www.butlerselectricsupply.com
Monday - Friday from 8am-5pm

SOUTHERN TIDE SIGNATURE STORE
910.239.9014 | MAYFAIRE TOWN CENTER
925 TOWN CENTER DRIVE, SUITE D130 | WILMINGTON, NC 28405

Eastern Bluebird

Magical and charming – and happy around people

By Susan Campbell

There may be no bird in the United States more endearing than the Eastern bluebird. Their vibrant plumage combined with such personality is eye-catching even to the non-birder. Given their tendency to associate closely with people, it is not surprising that these small birds tend to be the feathered fascination of the masses.

Eastern bluebirds historically were found nesting where natural cavities were plentiful. Snags and rotting stumps were their mainstay, given that these birds need protected roost sites year-round. But as humans cleaned up the landscape, bluebirds were forced to accept man-made housing. Fortunately, they adapted readily. Likewise these charismatic little birds learned about feeders as well — especially how to take advantage of those designed for mealworms. It is now, late winter and into early spring, that they are most likely to avail themselves of handouts, as breeding season begins but insects, their preferred diet, are not quite yet plentiful.

Here in coastal North Carolina, local birds are mixed with migrants from farther north in winter. Dozens of bluebirds may flock together around berry-producing trees and shrubs, where they use berry sources in winter when protein is harder to come by. Surprisingly, pairs will begin looking for real estate early. Females with attending males will begin peering into possible nesting spaces on warmer winter days. Come spring, a pair may raise up to as many as three broods. Although early nests often contain four or five eggs, later clutches are likely to contain only two or three. The male often tends to early fledglings as the female begins a new brood. Pairs may reuse a box if they are successful in a location; however, in my experience, they are more likely to find a new location for each nesting attempt.

Erecting a bird box is a great way to attract Eastern bluebirds. It needs to be positioned in an open location so that predators cannot crawl or jump onto the box. The entrance should be 1 1/2 inches in diameter to allow the birds easy access. And there should be adequate ventilation as well as drainage. It is best to leave the box unpainted so that it does not overheat. But be aware that others may move in ahead of the desired tenants: chickadees, titmice, nuthatches or wrens may take residence. Not surprisingly, all our cavit-nesting songbirds find potential homes in short supply. Therefore, consider adding a couple of boxes with varying entrance-hole sizes to accommodate other species.

Eastern bluebirds were seriously threatened by the broad-scale use of insecticides in the last century. They continue to be an indicator of environmental quality even now. Young bluebirds are very susceptible to chemical toxicity. Awareness as well as the addition of nest boxes has significantly helped these birds. As long as we are fascinated by these beautiful creatures, chances are good that we can ensure their persistence on the landscape.

Susan would love to receive your wildlife sightings and photos at susan@ncaves.com.

Standard Features Include

- Motorized with remote Control
- SmartShade Technology
- Easy Adjustable Pitch
- Enclosed Headrail

Innovative Awnings

833.33.SHADE
833.337.4233
InnovativeAwnings.com

WE ARE ALWAYS LOOKING FOR ENERGETIC, LOW-PRESSURE SALES PEOPLE. PLEASE VISIT WWW.INNOVATIVEAWNINGS.COM/CAREERS FOR INFORMATION.

DAVIS *DASH* 5k

and Health Fair
Saturday, April 7, 2018
Race start 9 a.m.

Davis Campus: 1011 Porters Neck Rd.

Join us for a run/walk to raise funds for the Davis Life Enhancement Program and Alzheimer's NC

Runners register at
https://davisdash5k.itsyourrace.com/register/

DAVIS DASH 5K

For additional race and sponsorship information:
thedaviscommunity.org

Visit **Salt** MAGAZINE online

www.SaltMagazineNC.com

When I Love Spring

when I love spring

geese take off on frothy runways for the north

tuxedoed mallards tow mates through v-shaped water

dotted clouds of dragonflies flurry over lily pads

turtles untuck sleeping noses, rise to feast

icy grey-ghost branches show soft nubs

quiver like an infant's hands wake in morning sun

– *Sarah Edwards*

A Rich and Complicated Palette

The circuitous path that led Wilmington artist Joe Seme back to the easel

By Jim Moriarty · Photograph by Andrew Sherman

Last Mooring on the Cape Fear River

Joe Seme is wedged in.

The chair at his cramped drawing table creaks and rocks when he leans in to paint, his brushstrokes painstakingly precise. The chair doesn't swivel so much as it genuflects to one side when he reaches for something out of a bottom drawer. His files of things done, undone and to do are stuffed into a swamped piece of dark furniture, a secretary with tentacles of paper growing from every cubby, flowing from every nook, crammed in every drawer. Classic decoys float on the windowsill behind him in the chaotic second-floor studio of his townhouse not far from the Wilmington Municipal Golf Course. A flight of geese and ducks, as stuffed as the room they occupy, are frozen in space on the wall to his right. Less Hitchcockian than utilitarian, they're among his former models. A covered skylight he wishes he hadn't put in is above him, and in front of him are the faces of four dogs, the pets of friends, to be immortalized.

Beyond the drawing table is a makeshift shelf he's used, and reused, as a backdrop. Hanging on a corner of the faux-wall that surrounds the shelf is his grandfather's Cleveland baseball cap circa 1926 or maybe '27. His glove is around somewhere, too. As thin and slight as his grandson, Ernie "Red" Padgett is remembered in the record book for executing an unassisted triple play (the fourth ever in the Major Leagues) for his first team, the Boston Braves, on Oct. 6, 1923, in his first season with the big club. His grandson remembers him better for introducing him to Connie Mack when he was 5; taking him to see Ted Williams play (Seme still hears the explosive echo of the home run No. 9 hit that day); throwing one-hoppers to his backhand side; and insinuating the game deeply into his DNA. So passionate is Seme about baseball that he and another devoted old-timer, Frank Amoroso, started the Carolina Men's Baseball League just so they could play on past their primes.

"We started with like 11 guys on a rainy day in March," says Seme, now 71 and less active in the league. Last year there were 150 players.

In a photo on the wall opposite the ducks and geese, his grandfather stands in a black and white panoramic line of Cleveland Indians, his second team. Tris Speaker is the player/manager. Luke and Joe Sewell are in there, too. Another photo shows Padgett (whose surname was actually Paget) comically pretending to pick the peanut-filled pocket of Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the federal judge and first commissioner of baseball who was charged with cleaning up the sport after the Black Sox scandal of 1919. An album on the secretary has copies of business letters from the Hall of Fame pitcher and, at that time, co-owner of the Boston Braves, Christy Mathewson. An early holdout, Padgett turned down Mathewson's first contract offer. They finally settled for $2,700. Seme sold the originals at auction when things got rough. Given the rarity of Mathewson's autograph, Seme likely made out better than his grandfather did.

Just the other side of the faux-shelf and wall are bookshelves with Hemingway and Faulkner, John Irving and Paul Theroux below a row of autographed baseballs. A "Peters Weatherbird Shoes for Boys and Girls" sign he created because he couldn't find the real thing sits on the floor next to a Civil War-era prison window liberated from someplace in Virginia with an as-yet-undiscovered purpose. There's an old wooden barber pole and German Punch and Judy puppets and weathervanes, maybe not all right here, but somewhere. And hanging above the door is a painting he did for his daughter, Tracy, for her 16th birthday, an arrangement of artifacts — a ballet shoe, her high school cross country letter, her birth announcement, a report card, a ticket to a Jimmy Buffett concert and so on. She passed away in 2012, at 33, an early victim of the opioid epidemic. That was six months after he lost his second wife, Deb, to leukemia.

"To be honest," he says, "the light kind of went out. I didn't paint for a long time. I never came up here. I sat down there and looked at the marsh."

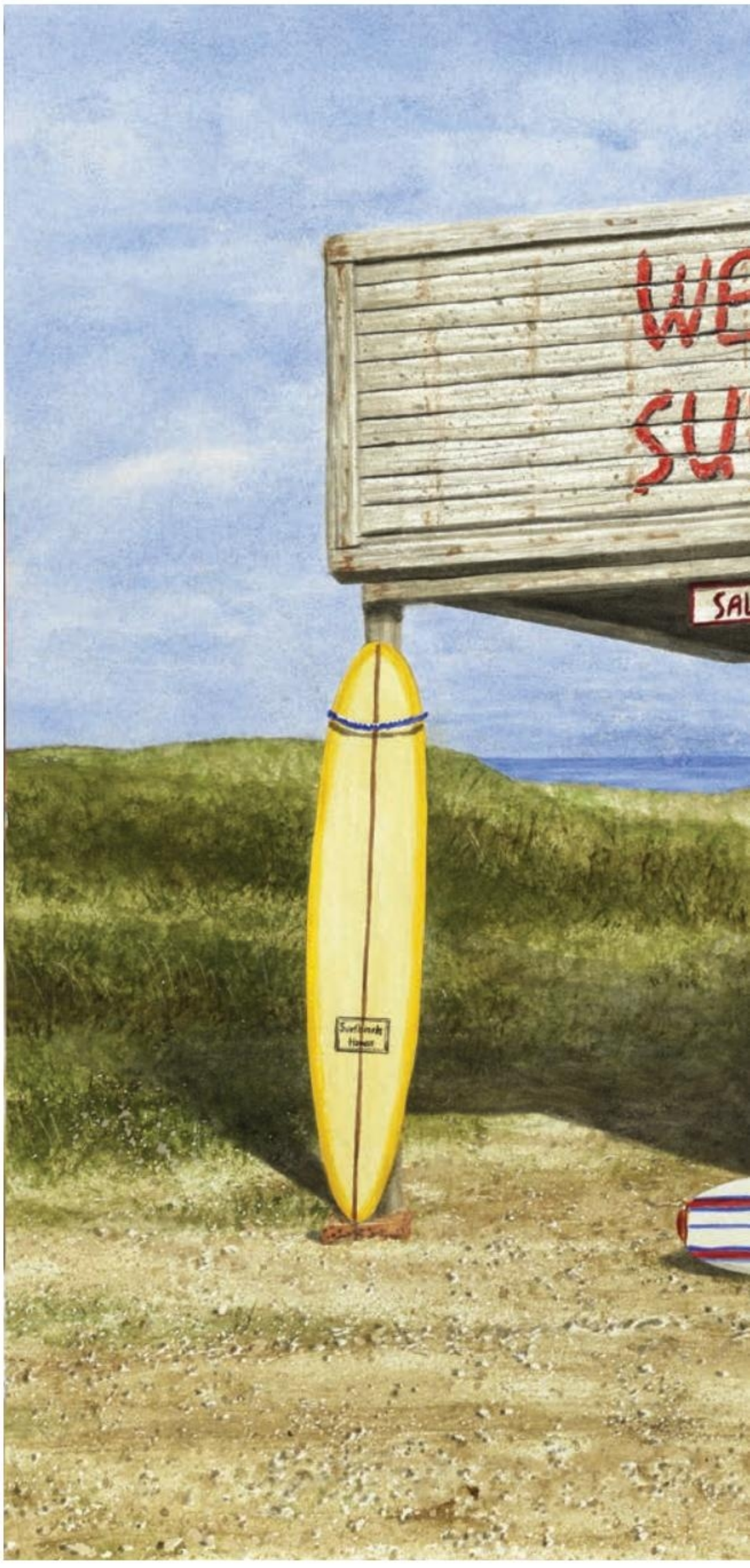
If, as Chagall suggested, in the fullness of time an artist paints his insides like a still life, Seme has a rich and complicated palette. He grew up on the Jersey Shore in Brick, "near where Gov. Christie was," he says of the paparazzi photo taken from a helicopter of a wide man stressing a folding beach chair on a Fourth of July weekend in a state park that was closed because of a government shutdown.

After high school Seme made a cameo appearance at Rutgers University, taking engineering courses because he had a manifest gift for mechanical drawing but not, as it turns out, math. He left, by his own account, before he flunked out, hitchhiking home on crutches since, two weeks before the fall semester began, he had damaged his left knee in a motorcycle accident. He was on the back end when the driver of the bike skidded into the rear of a '63 Bonneville convertible full of girls cruising the Boardwalk back in Brick.

Seme wound up at Florida State University with the help of his high school Latin teacher, who was working on a doctorate there. Having grown up a devoted surfer and with little else to occupy his time other than hanging out at the bowling alley, Florida seemed like a good idea. So he piled into his white VW bus and pointed south. "It didn't go over 55 miles an hour," he says. "From New Jersey to Tallahassee took about 26 hours." One of his sidelines to surfing in the Gulf of Mexico was catching and milking snakes for Ross Allen's Reptile Institute in Silver Springs. On the academic end, he studied writing with Pulitzer Prize-winning writer-in-residence Michael Shaara (author of *The Killer Angels*) and graduated with a degree in English. "I loved him. He was such an inspiration to me," says Seme. "What he taught me about writing applies to painting. Write what you know. I tried to paint what I knew."

With a post-grad job offer to teach English at Raiford Prison, he headed instead to the North Carolina mountains, where his brother, Danny, was in school at Lees-McRae College. He finagled a job in the ski shop at Beech Mountain and spent his afternoons on downhill runs and his nights writing short stories.

One day in the Banner Elk post office, Seme got two pieces of mail. One was a check for $90 representing payment in full for his first published work, set to appear in a magazine firmly positioned in the salacious rather than the literary world called Mr. and titled "Not With My Sister You Don't." So, maybe it wasn't *The Paris Review*, but he was getting paid to write. The other letter was from his draft board in New Jersey, ordering him to appear in April 1968. The aspirations of the federal government were even less artistic than Mr.



West Wind

EST WIND
RF SHOP
LES - RENTALS - REPAIRS
Surfboards
Hawaii
Yater
JOE SEME

Bald Head Summer

Seme was drafted into the Army but wound up a Marine. "They put us on a bus to Newark. We're all being herded around in our underwear, taking tests and stuff," says Seme. "This Marine captain walks in. 'How many of you boys are college graduates?' I raised my hand. He says, 'Congratulations' son, you just volunteered for the finest fighting outfit in the world, the United States Marine Corps. Fall in on my left.' I said, 'What?'"

His college degree coupled with the ability to locate the keys on a typewriter with his index fingers led to an intelligence post with a fighter squadron in Yuma, Arizona, instead of a firebase in Vietnam. He was routing classified files — weapons reports, nuclear reports, atrocity reports — in a room with three safes and an incendiary grenade for each in the event that Yuma should be overrun by, say, Pancho Villa. He also had a red light over his door, turned on whenever classified material was in open view. "I pretty much had nothing to do," says Seme. "I'd close the door, put the blinking red light on and write. I was working on my master's thesis on William Faulkner."

On a weekend leave with buddies in California, Seme saw a coffee table book of Andrew Wyeth's paintings. "Oh, man. The book was $75," he says. "I had an Honda Superhawk, an old motorcycle. I sold it for $100. I got a 48 (a two-day pass) and hitchhiked to Laguna Beach to buy this book. I still have it and it's in the original box." That's around somewhere, too.

Seme got out of the Marines in '71 with every intention of pursuing a career in academics, maybe end up teaching someplace like Michael Shaara. Instead, his brother, Danny, who by then was out of Lees-McRae, talked him into returning to the mountains and opening a private club. "My brother sold me on this deal. You'll be the general manager and we'll get this club running and you'll have time to write," says Seme. "You can kick back. You'll be in the mountains."

The Hub Pub Club was born. "We had two round buildings, connected. It looked like a circus tent. We had an entertainment room and we had a dining room. We opened with the Kingston Trio and Jackie Vernon, the old comedian. We had Peter Nero and Oliver — you know, 'Good Morning Starshine.' Everybody thought Oliver was from England. He was from North Wilkesboro. His name was William Oliver Swofford. His brother, John, is the commissioner of the ACC," says Seme. "We had Doc and Merle Watson. Doc was from Deep Gap. Merle was killed one night about three o'clock in the morning on Wildcat Road driving his tractor home from a party. We had Jimmy Buffett. He wore a cowboy hat in those days. Jimmy was 150 bucks a week, a place to sleep and all the liquor my bartenders could supply."

Seme's candle, however, wasn't burning at both ends, it was being incinerated. "I was losing my sanity," he says. "I got down to 120 pounds. I was working and not sleeping, drinking a little bit, smoking a little dope. It's what we did." Hey, it was the '70s. So, he threw himself a lifeline. He went out and bought a box of watercolor paints, took a page from Wyeth and found some barns. A natural, the paintings were good enough to hang in the hallway to the men's room of the Hub Pub Club.

One night Seme was behind the bar washing glasses when an elderly gent strolled up and asked who had done the paintings in the hallway. Seme confessed. "Well, son," the man said, "there's a spark there and I think maybe you ought to pursue it a little bit." The man was the by-then retired art critic of *The New York Times*, John Canaday, who was giving a seminar at Appalachian State.

"I hated the club business. It was killing me. It was killing my marriage. By then my brother had gone off to develop Snowshoe (in West Virginia)," says Seme. So, just like that, he became an artist. After the Seme brothers were gone, co-owner Bill Shepherd moved the Hub Pub Club to Winston-Salem, where one of its early acts was Steve Martin. The fortunes of the club went in one direction, Martin's in the other.

"My first year I wasn't comfortable," Seme says of the career move. "I had to mail my license plates back to Raleigh after I left the club business but then things just started to happen. Later on, I traded two paintings for a Porsche. It wasn't a new one but it was still a Porsche." He moved into an A-frame on top of a mountain, where he lived until he and his treasury of stuff migrated to the coast in the late '90s. "It's about driving down the road and coming around the bend and seeing a beautiful old barn with the snow on it and the icicles and the sun hitting it and snow melting off and hearing the dripping and the hair stands up on the back of your neck," he says. "That's what it's all about."

The ability to draw that had been so apparent in high school floated back to the surface like the answer in a Magic 8 Ball. "I started with water color and I found out I couldn't control it the way I wanted to," he says. "I realized I could paint in acrylic and could do glaze after glaze. With acrylic, once it's dry you can go over it and over it and over it, build up your textures and get your shadows and highlights."

He found an old mill on Brookshire Road near Boone and painted it over and over again. He studied Andrew Wyeth's work in the Brandywine River Museum in Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania. While delivering a painting he'd done of a large mill in Virginia — a work he titled "Second Manassas" since the mottled stone mill, just a ruin now, was close to the location of the Civil War battle — he visited the Amon Carter Museum of American Art in Fort Worth. "Remingtons. Russells. William Harnett, a great still life painter. Very three-dimensional. That's what I liked. They

A Stone Barn in Normandy

Autumn Still Life

Southport Geraniums

Red, White and Carolins Blue

had a big Harnett there and I sat down in front of it for a half hour and this guard came by and said, 'You're an artist, aren't you? What are you doing?' I said, 'I'm painting it.' I wanted to figure out how he got from here to there."

It didn't take long before the self-taught Seme began exhibiting with other artists like the classically trained Robert Dance and another self-taught artist, Ward Nichols, whose paintings are in the permanent collections of eight different museums around the world. The three remain close friends.

"I tell people it's all self-inflicted," Nichols says. "Formal training makes you so aware of the rules that are not to be broken that it hampers what you do. You're not supposed to do this; you're not supposed to do that. Where, if you're uninstructed, you just let it go and not worry about it." Of course, a wee bit of talent helps, too.

Seme began exhibiting with Dance in the early '70s. "If you go to college and study art, they're probably going to have you doing avant-garde art, which is not realism," says Dance. "If you teach yourself, you're probably going to end up doing realism. When I went to art school in Philadelphia (the Philadelphia Museum College of Art) we did study drawing and realism so, as a result, I'm sort of an extreme realist. My work is very detailed and so is Joe's, but Joe has done it on his own."

Seme's art falls into three main categories: his more traditional landscapes; his still life paintings done in a trompe-l'oeil style; and his duck decoys, which are works of art in their own right. His watercolors appeared in *American Artist*. He was commissioned to do the 25th anniversary painting for JanSport. "Waterfowl was my big thing," says Seme. He was honored in various states by Ducks Unlimited. When Abercrombie and Fitch was America's No. 1 outfitter, he'd go on assignments duck hunting for four or five days with the company's biggest clients and when it was over deliver a personal painted memento. It was Seme who convinced Dance to exhibit at the Easton Waterfowl Festival in Maryland, where on separate occasions both he and Seme were awarded green coats, the festival's version of the Masters green jacket in golf.

Save for a small Renoir etching, the walls of Seme's living room are filled with either his originals or copies of his favorites long since sold. He bought the Renoir, a re-strike, after his daughter was born. Art was to be her inheritance. The old mill on Brookshire Road is on one wall. On the opposite side is an original he calls "Iron Sam." It's an antique arcade game painted in the trompe-l'oeil style he gleaned from sitting in front of that Harnett. "I love folk art," he says, "and this is a terrific piece of folk art. You feel like you can grab his hand." Every nick, every piece of chipped paint shows. The work took months. Nearby is "Simple Tastes," a shelf filled with labels from wine bottles and old corkscrews that look almost like you could pick them up. The Great Recession hobbled the art market but so has technology. "What took me a month to draw, with the right computer program you can do it in a couple of hours," says Seme.

Off the living room, beyond the sun porch, is a pond. His second wife, Deb, was a painting contractor and when she fell ill, Seme eventually found himself up on a ladder finishing jobs. He sold Christy Mathewson's letters and other collectibles to brace the bottom line. "She had a bone marrow transplant that was successful for 42 days, and then the leukemia came back with a vengeance. She sat on the porch and wasted away," he says. "The morning of Deb's service I was standing by the window and a great blue heron landed in the marsh and walked up on the shore right at the backyard. He turned around and walked back into the marsh and took off. I just believe that was her spirit telling me everything's fine. She's OK." That was 2011.

Seme has since remarried. Her name is Sharon Waite, but everyone calls her Sam. She handles the website for his art and pretty much anything else that needs handling while struggling with health issues of her own. "Eight years ago they gave her six months to live," he says. "She said, 'That's not acceptable.' We go to Chapel Hill every three months for cancer screenings. They're keeping it at bay right now. I was a Marine and I thought I was pretty damn tough, but they're (Deb and Sam) 10 times tougher than I was."

Seme is back up the ladder, using broad strokes instead of intricate ones to steady the bottom line. Mostly absent is the rush of being on a roll in his studio, looking out the window and being surprised to see the sun rise. "I'm not complaining," he says. "I got to make a living as an artist for a long, long time. When you get a letter from somebody saying 'I bought this painting from you. It's in my breakfast nook. I look at it every day. I love it,' that's the kind of thing you do it for."

For more information visit joesemeart.com.

Jim Moriarty is the esteemed senior editor of PineStraw.

Rebel Rose

A Confederate spy and collector of confidences, Rose Greenhow remains a mysterious figure in the history of the Civil War

By Kevin Maurer

The Condor, a slick side-paddle steamer built to run the Union blockade, was perched on a sandbar in the predawn darkness as cold Atlantic waves pounded against her hull.

A few minutes before, the ship was being pursued by a Union gunboat while making a run at the mouth of the Cape Fear River. The Condor's British captain hoped to slice through the channel and into the protection of Fort Fisher. But the pilot, spooked by another marooned blockade runner, missed the channel and beached the blockade runner on a sandbar.

On deck, former spy turned diplomat Rose Greenhow was rattled. Having spent years in Europe trying to drum up support for the Confederacy, she was returning home. But now her return was in jeopardy. Nearby, a Union gunboat prowled just out of range of the fort's guns, waiting to pounce if the Condor floated free. The prospect of being captured by the Union and imprisoned again consumed her. The shore was only 500 yards away. Greenhow had to get off the Condor.

She found Capt. William Nathan Wrighte Hewett, a 30-year-old furloughed British Naval officer working for half pay while he waited for his next command, and demanded his sailors row her ashore. Hewett refused. He knew when the tide rose, the Condor would float free. In the meantime, Fort Fisher's guns protected the ship.

But Greenhow wouldn't accept no for an answer. Her pleas were joined by the other passengers — Lt. Joseph D. Wilson from the commerce raider CSS Alabama, and James Holcombe, Confederate commissioner to Canada. What they said or did to change Hewett's mind is lost to history, or maybe he just wanted the hysterical passengers off his boat. He ordered his men to lower a lifeboat on the leeward side of the beached steamer and row Greenhow and the others to shore.

Greenhow, who wore a black silk dress and coat, slid a leather pouch around her neck containing dispatches from Confederate representatives in Europe and 400 British sovereigns — gold coins worth $2,000 that weighed about six pounds. She had earned the money from the sale of her memoir in England and planned to donate the money to the Confederate cause.

The boat was lowered into the dark ocean. As the hull hit the water, a wave broadsided the dinghy, flipping it over. The sailors, Holcombe and Wilson quickly scampered onto the back of the capsized boat, but there was no sign of Greenhow.

She was lost in the black waves.

The legend of Rose Greenhow has been retold in books — one written by her own hand — and in movies and TV shows. Her persona has captivated imaginations, but the reality is Greenhow's legacy is as murky as the Atlantic waves that snuffed out her life. Praised as a firebrand who fought passionately for what she believed, what she believed in was slavery and the breaking of the United States. Her cause was less than noble then and now.

"Rose was on the wrong side of that struggle," Ann Blackman writes in *Wild Rose: Rose O'Neale Greenhow, Civil War Spy*. "Yet even those of us who could never accept her politics cannot help but be amazed at her resilience and zeal."

A Born Rebel

Born in 1813 on a plantation in Maryland, Rose O'Neale had four sisters. Her father, John O'Neale, was a planter and slaveowner who was murdered in 1817 by his black valet. Her widowed mother sent Greenhow to Washington, D.C., to live with an aunt who ran a boardinghouse at the Old Capitol Building.

In Washington, Rose caught the eye of Robert Greenhow Jr., a doctor from Virginia. They married in 1835. By then, Dr. Robert Greenhow worked as a diplomat. His work took him to Mexico and San Francisco. Rose Greenhow left San Francisco in 1852 and gave birth to Little Rose — the last of four daughters — in 1853. A year later, her husband died after a fall in San Francisco.

Greenhow's sympathy for "preserving the Southern way of life," including slavery, was born after her husband's death. Growing up in a slaveholding family, her passions for secessionist views were stoked by U.S. Senator John C. Calhoun from South Carolina, whom Blackman said Greenhow considered a father figure.

"I am a Southern woman," Greenhow wrote, "born with revolutionary blood in my veins, and my first crude ideas on State and Federal matters received consistency and shape from the best and wisest man of this century."

With the nation on the brink of war, Thomas Jordan, an Army captain stationed in Washington, recruited her into a Southern spy network. He provided Greenhow with a cipher to encode messages.

Described as beautiful, Greenhow had olive skin "flushed with color," and "luxuriant dark hair" that fell below her waist, according to Blackman. Greenhow "radiated sensuality," she writes.

"Rose captivated the hearts of even the most proper gentlemen, usually to their regret and sometimes dismay," Blackman wrote.

Dr. Chris E. Fonvielle, author and associate professor of history at UNCW, said Greenhow bucked the traditional role of women at the time, instead creating a very successful espionage ring.

But with all of her charm, deep down Rose was a snob.

"I think she was haughty," Fonvielle said. "She was class-conscious. I think she had a high sense of self. She was vain. She felt she was superior as a white woman and a Southerner. I'd love to have met her, but I don't think I'd like her that much."

But Greenhow was popular with both Union and secessionists in both public and during "late-night calls," according to Blackman. Among Greenhow's suitors was a Republican abolitionist and military officials. She was skilled at getting these men to talk about military secrets, both around the dinner table and in the bedroom.

Greenhow continued to circulate through Washington, D.C., during the start of the war, picking up information including Union movements before the First Battle of Bull Run. The information was passed to Confederate Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard. Historians differ on whether her information had any impact on the battle, but after the Southern victory, Confederate President Jefferson Davis praised Greenhow for helping win the day.

"Our President and our General direct me to thank you," wrote Jordan, who resigned his commission and joined the Confederacy at the start of the war, in a letter to Greenhow. "We rely upon you for further information. The Confederacy owes you a debt."

The help earned her the nickname "Rebel Rose."

After awhile, Allan Pinkerton and his new Secret Service were closing in on her network. His agents tracked her couriers, and a search of the house found the cipher from Jordan and messages about troop movements. Pinkerton placed Greenhow under house arrest in 1861, using her home as a prison for other Southern sympathizers. She was eventually sent to the Old Capitol Prison with Little Rose, now 8 years old, after news of her house arrest leaked.

A year later Greenhow was released with her daughter under the condition she would stay in the Confederate states. She was freed at Fort Monroe in the Hampton Roads area of Virginia and went directly to Richmond for a hero's welcome.

The Confederacy needed support from Europe, so Davis sent Greenhow overseas in 1863. She left Wilmington on a blockade runner. Once in Europe, she met with Napoleon III in France and Queen Victoria in Britain, since many of Europe's elite had Southern sympathies. Mingling with aristocrats suited her, and she got engaged to the second Earl Granville. While in England, she also wrote a memoir.

"To this end," Greenhow wrote about her spy ring, "I employed every capacity with which God had endowed me, and the result was far more successful than my hopes could have flattered me to expect."

The book sold well in Britain. But after almost two years away, it was time for Greenhow to return to the South. With Little Rose at a convent school in Paris, Greenhow boarded the Condor on August 19, 1864, for its maiden voyage to Wilmington.

Lost to the Waves

On a moonless October night, the Condor approached the mouth of the Cape Fear River. It was around 3 a.m., and a slight autumn drizzle fell as the three-stack iron steamer, painted white, cut through the swells caused by an offshore storm.

Described by the London *Evening Mail*, the Condor was "swift as a sea swallow." Union intelligence reports said the steamer – built in Scotland to run the blockade – had a "rakish build" with a side wheel and three low pipes. The ship was built for speed.

Commanded by Hewett, who was awarded the Victoria Cross in the Crimean War after he disobeyed orders and held off a Russian attack, the Condor had a cargo of military supplies and uniforms for the Confederate Army. After stopping in Bermuda, the Condor sailed for Nova Scotia to take on coal. There it joined nine other blockade runners waiting for a moonless night to make a run to Wilmington. The Port City was one of the last supply routes open. The Confederacy relied on blockade runners to bring military supplies to the Army and brandy, salt and molasses to its citizens.

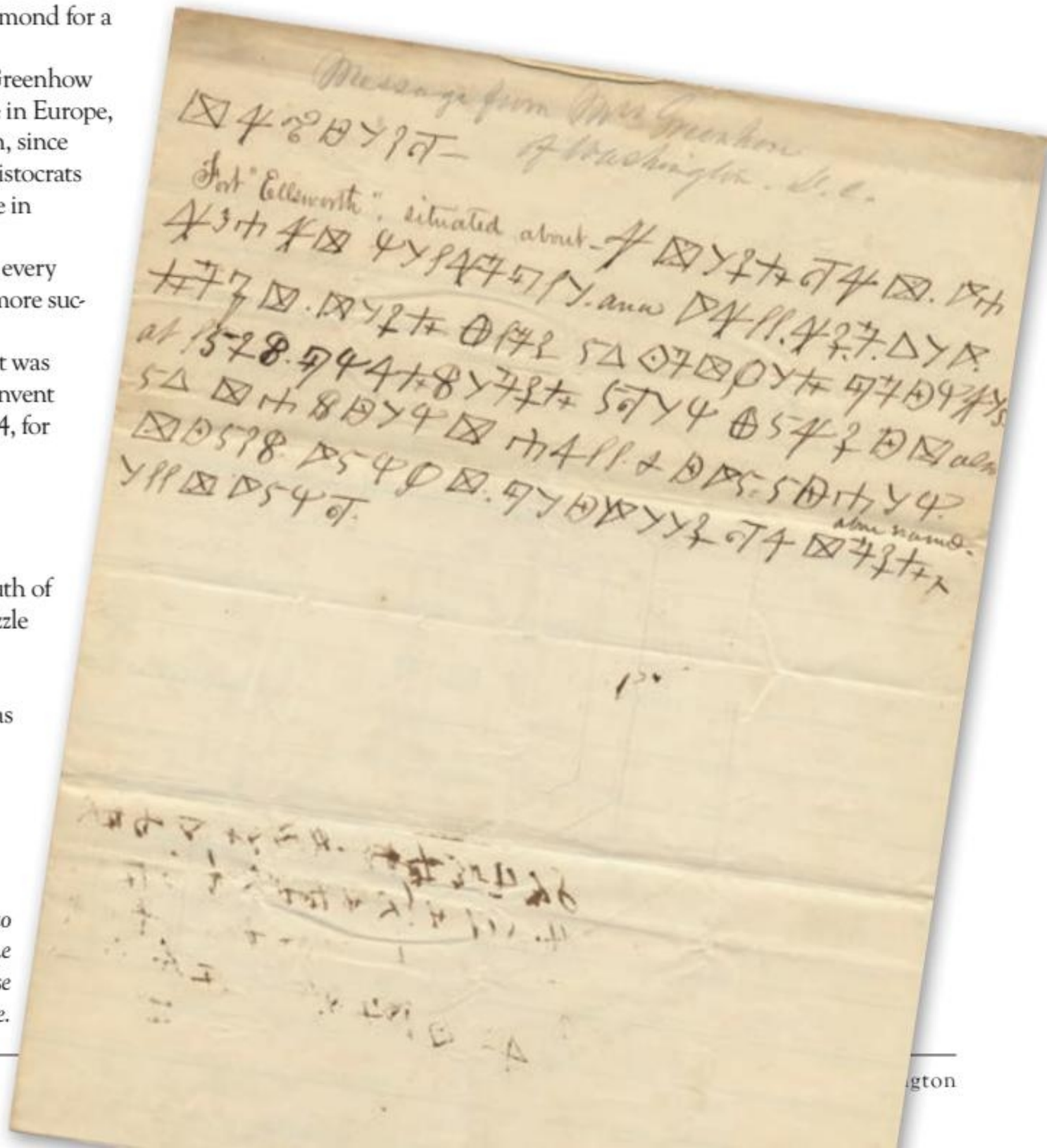
On Sept. 24, 1864, the blockade runners slipped out of port on heading south. The Union Navy noted the ships' departure and alerted the blockade fleet stationed off the coast of North Carolina.

Union ships were waiting for the blockade runners. Lookouts on the USS Niphon spotted a ship heading for the mouth of the river. Gunners fired a broadside that missed, but the ship misjudged the approach and ran aground on Swash Channel Bar.

The Condor followed behind. As it got close to shore, Fort Fisher's guns thundered, forcing the USS Niphon to steer clear. Rockets lit up the moonless night as the Condor approached the channel. Condor's pilot spotted the grounded blockade runner and thought it was another Union gunboat. Swerving to starboard to avoid the phantom ship, the Condor beached itself on a sand bar.

Greenhow's attempt to make it to shore proved fatal. The cold water must have shocked her as it soaked her dress, coat and corset. Caught in the waves, she likely fought to keep her head above water as the weight of the drenched fabric dragged her like an anchor into the deep.

Legend blames the gold in her satchel for drowning her, but the culprit was likely her clothing and boots, Fonvielle said. The other possibility is that she couldn't swim.



This is part of a large collection of materials related to Confederate General P.G.T. Beauregard. The note at the top indicates that it's a message from Confederate spy Rose O'Neale Greenhow, which explains why it's in code.

"There was not enough dead weight (from the gold) to drag her to the bottom of the ocean," Fonvielle said. "Once she got in the water and wet, there was no way she was swimming 500 yards to shore."

The other passengers — Holcombe and Wilson — and the sailors clawed their way back onto the keel of the boat as the waves pushed it toward shore.

By then, Greenhow was gone. Sunk by her black dress.

'Not at all Changed by Death'

J.J. Prosper For Me D. Doctor DeVowell Connor could barely carry his long rifle as he marched down the beach looking for signs of Union raiders coming ashore. At 3 feet, 11 inches, Connor was the shortest Confederate with a name almost as long as he was tall. A native of Columbus County, he was part of the soldiers tasked with protecting Fort Fisher.

As he patrolled the beach, he saw something in the waves. A glint of metal reflected in the sunlight. When he got closer, he saw it was a buckle attached to a leather satchel. Connor opened the satchel and found Greenhow's gold and dispatches from Europe.

He was rich.

Connor hid the gold near a burnt log on the beach, but his conscience won out and he dug the bag up and took it to Col. William Lamb, the commander of Fort Fisher. Lamb, a native of Norfolk, Virginia, sent Connor a $20 gold piece every year as a reward for his honesty, Fonvielle said.

With the gold recovered, there is some debate on how Greenhow's body was discovered. Thomas Taylor, an agent for the Anglo-Confederate Trading Company, claims he found it on the beach. He was checking on the salvage of the Night Hawk, another beached blockade runner.

But Lamb wrote in an 1885 article for a Norfolk, Virginia, newspaper that a "stranger" claimed he almost drowned trying to leave the Condor and they feared Greenhow drowned. Lamb went to the beach and his soldiers, not Taylor, found Greenhow's body. It was taken to Lamb's cottage near the fort. His wife, Daisy, prepared it for transport to Wilmington aboard the steamer Cape Fear for burial.

"She was an elegant woman, not at all changed by death," wrote Eliza Jane DeRosset, the president of the Soldier's Aid Society.

Greenhow's body was taken to DeRosset's house first and then to General Hospital No. 4, now the location of the Reel Café in downtown Wilmington.

"It was a solemn and imposing spectacle," a witness wrote in a Oct. 1, 1864 letter in the *Wilmington Sentinel*. "The profusion of wax lights round the corpse; the quantity of choice flowers in crosses, garlands and bouquets, scattered over it; the silent mourners, sable-robed, at the head and foot; the tide of visitors, women and children with streaming eyes, and soldiers, with bent heads and hushed stares, standing by, paying the last tribute of respect to the departed heroine. On the bier, draped with a magnificent Confederate flag, lay the body, so unchanged as to look like a calm sleeper."

Greenhow's funeral was held at St. Thomas the Apostle Roman Catholic Church and the body then taken to the DeRosset family plot at the Oakdale Cemetery under a driving rain. Witnesses said when her coffin was lowered into the grave, the rain stopped and the sun came out.

Kevin Maurer is an award-winning journalist who lives in Wilmington. His latest book is American Radical: Inside the World of an Undercover Muslim FBI Agent.

Rose O'Neale Greenhow with her youngest daughter and namesake, "Little" Rose, at the Old Capitol Prison, Washington, D.C., 1862.

Piano Man

Beneath the fingers of jazz impresario James Jarvis, the keys of any piano produce magic

By John Wolfe · Photograph by Mark Steelman

Hunched on a worn bench he sits, his face low and focused over ivory and ebony. Cascading up and down the keyboard, his hands give life to notes that form music which sometimes sounds like baby birds . . . sometimes like water gurgling over rocks in a mountain stream . . . sometimes like the turning of the seasons, autumn into winter and winter into spring.

It's Wednesday evening at the Blind Elephant speakeasy in downtown Wilmington, and under a giant painted mural of a pachyderm, James Jarvis, jazz pianist and composer, is doing what he does best. The soundscapes he creates add layers of texture and atmosphere to the patrons' convivial, cocktail-fueled conversation. He is the mood-maker for the evening. The people at the bar go on talking, but you can tell they are listening by the subconscious foot-taps, the pockets of applause between pieces. Jarvis has a way of creating musical moments that reach out and grab you by the heart; you can't help but pause and admire what he's doing. It's almost like his piano is joining your own conversation. But not quite — his notes transcend spoken words, somehow, offering connection in a channel of communication rarely used. And no matter how many times you may hear him, he's always pushing to say something new, pushing for a feeling unfelt until right now. His fingers play the whole instrument — his whole self — the whole world.

James Jarvis was raised in Ohio, that most American of states. Northeast Ohio, to be precise. Cleveland. Kent. In that land of the long winter, there is little else to do between October and May but stay indoors and get really, really good at something; in James's case, it was music. He brought that focus and experience with him when he moved to Wilmington in 2004. For a decade he worked at the now-closed Piano and Organ Distributors on Market Street (whose awning was a black-and-white keyboard pattern). Pianos, which had long been his passion, became his trade. "It was like working at the dog pound," he remembers. "I wanted to take every cute dog home with me."

Many well-crafted instruments passed beneath that awning (as well as many "beautiful pieces of furniture," the industry term for a piano with a high-gloss finish that has very little going on inside, instrument-wise). A handful moved Jarvis enough that he purchased them for himself; these are the instruments now scattered around town at the spots where he regularly plays.

Take Estelle, for instance. A sleek black Yamaha P-1 upright, born in 1960, she lives in an alcove down the text-lined corridor of Old Books on Front Street under a painting of a happy farmer. Jarvis plays here every Sunday afternoon from 3 until 5 p.m. (and on Saturdays, he gives lessons here). He bought this piano because "it was in a time warp" — i.e., in very good condition — given that it was built half a world away in the year Kennedy was elected president. For a while it lived at the Harp, then at the Calico Room before ending up at Old Books. Now Estelle is a "public art experience," as denoted by a little faded paper placard, which means that anyone has permission to sit down and play her (just don't set your drink on top, please).

It's almost as if Estelle has absorbed pieces of the places she has been, and of the people who have played her over the years. She shows her past through the grooves and scars of her weathered patina. Pianos, almost more than any other instrument, have a way of making their histories tangible. Jarvis tells me of another piano he had for a while, a gorgeous 1900 Henry F. Miller grand, built in Boston: 900 pounds of cherry wood and cast iron, with legs carved in the French Provincial style. It would have originally been delivered from the factory by a horse and buggy. "When you play that instrument, you're playing Teddy Roosevelt," he says.

As we sit and admire Estelle, Jarvis tells me he knew from his time playing Steinways at Hiram College in his 20s that he wasn't cut out for the "assembly line of academia" or the cutthroat world of competitive classical performance, the two most established avenues for pianists. "I didn't care what people had done," he says, his hand resting lightly on middle C, "I was in the now. Like . . . " He demonstrates. From the piano flows a river of sound that evokes the Cape Fear on a sunny day. Passersby literally stop in their tracks to listen. After a minute or so of rapture, he has completed his demonstration, and a little girl, looking up from her book in wide-eyed wonder, gives him an enthusiastic round of applause. He smiles, gives her a little wave. "I'm not even sure what I was playing," he whispers to me. "I was transfixed by the moment."

One of his clients at the piano store was an older gentleman who had played the jazz clubs of Paris in years past. He told Jarvis that in order to get to the next level, he had to forget what he thought was correct and start over, with no preconceptions of what is proper. If you want to form an identity, he said, you need to forget all the rules. There is no "right way" of doing it. Jarvis took that advice to heart.

Even now, Jarvis says, well into his third decade of playing this instrument, he is more inquisitive about what he can create. "That's never changed," he said. "It's an act of discovery." But it's also a discipline, backed by thousands of hours spent playing. He sees himself on a quest, always looking for some lost chord sequence he's never played before. "I continue to break the code," he says with a smile.

At his weekly Friday night gig at Bottega, the hip wine bar and artist hang-out in the Brooklyn Arts District on North Fourth Street, people dance to his music, giving kinetic shape to his sounds. There's a strange surging pulse of creativity in the air, flowing back and forth between musician and audience. He sees them peripherally, senses their motion, and their energy goes back into his playing, which in turn makes them dance even harder. A synergism of human movement, natural and free.

Jarvis admits he is influenced by the people around him. But although he pulls inspiration from other people, he is careful not to let it affect his unique voice on his instrument. It's always him playing the world, not the other way around. He tells me he's even stopped listening to music critically, fearing that he might unconsciously glean a phrase or a musical idea that isn't entirely his own.

Entirely his own — that's the core of it. Jarvis has committed to doing something rather radical. Every note he performs is his, every piece, every moment. He doesn't play covers, takes no requests. He's not Billy Joel's burnt-out Piano Man, some tinkling hack playing well-worn top-40 hits. He's an artist who has honed his voice on his chosen instrument — like Davis and his trumpet, like Parker and his sax — to the point where the lines between man and piano don't exist anymore when he plays. At what point do an artist and an instrument stop being separate — at what point do they combine in such a way that to have one without the other is emptiness? Jarvis is there. He has committed his life to his art, still refining himself with the integrity and focus from which meaning falls like rain from a cloud. This lifelong practice has given him ultimate freedom. On his piano, no one can tell him what to do.

What he does, in his own words: "I'm just trying to create some beauty in the moment for people. There's not enough of that." And James Jarvis sits back down and keeps playing. May the moments never stop.

John Wolfe's goal is to live an interesting life, then write about it. When he's not at his desk, he can be found out on the water, or wherever music is made, or online at www.thewriterjohnwolfe.com.

Walking Tall

One man's vision of helping others with "radical hospitality" is spreading common goodness and love across the country

Story & Photograph by Virginia Holman

Nearly 30 years ago, when my husband and I were married, we rented an old farmhouse with some acreage near Carrboro. There were several dilapidated outbuildings on the property. One winter night, my husband came back in the house after walking our dog and said, "Someone's in the shed." This small ramshackle building was a mere shell with a rusted tin roof, no door, and slatted sides. A shape shifted in the shadows; when my husband approached, he smelled cigarette smoke and saw an ember dim. He returned home and called 911. As it turned out, there were two men in the shed, and they'd been removed from the Chapel Hill homeless shelter because they'd gotten into a fight. They asked the sheriff to ask us if they could stay the night. We were stunned both by the request and by the fact that the sheriff relayed it. Without the shelter's help, where would these men stay? Neither my husband nor I felt it was safe or sensible to allow these men to remain. We stood dumbstruck for a long moment. I knew I could decline without having to say and own the word no. "It's not our property," I shrugged. The words snagged in my throat, yet I also had a visceral sense of relief. The men, I believed, were now someone else's responsibility. The sheriff asked them to leave the shed and took them into his custody. What happened to them after that? It's anybody's guess.

For several weeks after the encounter, my hus-

band and I grappled with our consciences. My mother was a college-educated elementary school teacher who had developed late-onset schizophrenia. This offered me a small bit of insight into the cascade of complicated circumstances that can, with alarming speed, leave nearly any person without enough food or shelter. Though I did not think it wise for me shelter these men, I was horrified by the circumstances faced by them. Regardless of the circumstances, should a fight between two impoverished people leave them without safe shelter? In this case, it did. Suddenly we understood that their plight affected us, too. The experience raised thorny ethical and moral questions for us, but it had life and death considerations for the men. After many talks, my husband and I decided that we would volunteer at the Chapel Hill homeless shelter on a regular basis. I helped in the women's section of the shelter, which was really for women and children, and my husband helped in the men's. This made us feel a little bit better, but the pinch we felt in our hearts lingered. Was it guilt? Love? Repulsion? Fear? Frustration? Compassion? It was hard to know what to make of the feeling. We turned those men away, but the emotions following our encounter remained, a strong reminder that the common thread of our humanity was not something easily severed.

I thought of that night after I met with Randy Evans, the founder of Walking Tall Wilmington.

Randy founded Walking Tall to serve people just like the men who huddled in our shed that night: people who find themselves in dire circumstances for any number of reasons that may or may not be within their control. Whether you have wound up living in poverty and are unsheltered (a term Randy prefers to homeless) due to circumstances in or out of your control simply doesn't matter at Walking Tall. It doesn't matter if you have served time in prison. Or if you suffer from addiction. Regardless of what you may or may not have done, what you may or may not do, Randy not only refuses to cut the thread that connects all people, he uses it to serve and foster community building among those who are the most at risk. Randy says that his Christian faith is important to him, but he describes Walking Tall as "more of a movement than a ministry."

"We are open to all people, LGBTQ, DACA, Islamic community, Illegal immigrants, and so on. I believe in the common good of man." Randy says they do not foster "transactional experiences" at Walking Tall. "If you come in hungry and haven't eaten for three days, we aren't going to sit you down and say you need to pray with us for 45 minutes before we feed you because we have something you want and we see an opportunity to advance our cause. We are about transformational experiences: 'Here's some food, here are some clothes. I love you and deeply care for you. We'd like to offer you a safe and sacred space. If you'd like to join a prayer group, we'd love to have you. But if not, that's fine. We love you.'"

Randy emphasizes that his concept of charity is not a quid-pro-quo exchange but just an offering of love and what he calls "radical hospitality."

Walking Tall is still a new organization. Randy founded it last April. After a couple of years as the co-founder and director of the Hope Center in downtown Wilmington, he decided he wanted to offer more for people in poverty throughout New Hanover County. "A lot of the services are downtown," he says, "but a lot of people live in poverty throughout the county." So one of the first things Randy has done is set up mobile outreach.

He's quick to say that it's not a taxi service. Rather, mobile outreach takes services to people. The goal is that "in its perfect form, the mobile outreach will be able to serve four quadrants of New Hanover County. Ideally, on Monday, Wednesday, Friday we'd have lunches at Monkey Junction, Porter's Neck, Greenfield Lake, Shipyard and CB Road. Then on Tuesdays and Thursdays we'd run a mobile closet." Randy describes this as a place where people could get clothes, including underwear, bras, socks, tampons and sanitary pads, and other costly essentials. Sometimes Randy and other Walking Tall volunteers do offer transportation. He's driven people to court, jobs, to his community meals and other places to help them "on their journeys." They now have four vehicles, so his dream of servicing the "four quadrants of New Hanover County" is now within reach.

Randy's long-term vision for Walking Tall also includes starting what he calls a respite, a place where unsheltered people who are released from the hospital can go to recuperate. "A lot of people are released from the hospital and then go straight back into the woods. My wife is a nurse, and she is very interested in helping people heal." Occasionally, if Randy can't find a place for someone to stay, he brings them into his home.

Because so many people he meets at Walking Tall want jobs and are laborers of one kind or another, Walking Tall also has plans to begin a landscaping business as a way to provide jobs for those in need.

Several times a year Walking Tall has big fundraisers. "For example, we're doing a big barbecue at Good Hops Brewery in March," he says. "I'll bring in four or five bands, and we will ask for donations and raise money that way. We've also hosted fundraisers at Bottega and other places."

Walking Tall Wilmington wants to "help bring light to people in need," Randy says. "We may hold the flashlight at Walking Tall, but each person has to choose to flip the switch and participate. I know my outreach has been successful when I watch one person in poverty reaching out to help another person — to find services, food, a job. That's what we're about."

If that long-ago night came again, I would not allow the men who were removed from the homeless shelter to stay in my shed; I'd try to find a better space for them. I'd be grateful to know that I could call Walking Tall and know that the men who had no option other than a rundown shed could be offered real comfort, community, and the potential for a better life.

The Walking Tall/Good Hops Spring Barbecue will be held on March 4 at 3 p.m. Walking Tall serves lunches on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 11:30 a.m. at Water and Market streets at the Gazebo. For more information: walkingtallwilmington.com; (910) 240-2882.

Author Virginia Holman lives and writes in Carolina Beach.

port city
348 Hutchison Lane

A Rising Tide

The Cargo District downtown lifts all boats

By J. Michael Welton · Photographs by Andrew Sherman

Back in mid-2017, Wilmington-based interior designer Danielle Boisse was looking for new office space for her rapidly expanding firm, Port City Design Group. She needed about 4,000 square feet — to house offices, a design loft, a conference room and plenty of storage space. And she wanted to be downtown. It seemed an impossibly tall order, until she got a call from her real estate agent with some interesting news: "There's only one building that has what you're looking for — but it's a 1947 Quonset hut."

Really? A Quonset hut for a 21st-century interior design firm? A half-cylindrical, industrial prefab, World-War-II-surplus pile of rusting stainless steel and brick?

Well, yes. "Perfect!" a delighted Boisse said. "It'll conform to a modern, creative, funky brainstorming space and be in a community that appreciates that."

RENDERING AND PLAN BY ROMERO ARCHITECTURE

An Old District

The community she's referring to is in the heart of downtown. It consists of three blocks bounded by 15th, 17th, Queen and Castle streets. Up until a few months ago, not only was it deemed unsafe, it was populated mostly by abandoned properties — a long-gone car dealership, a bus depot, a roofing firm and a glass company. At best, its future was in doubt. "A number of different things had been there over the years, but they all moved out and it fell into disrepair," says developer, builder and landowner Leslie Smith. "So the question was whether to give it new life or demolish it."

Smith chose the latter — with a cutting-edge twist that holds special appeal for the Port City: He's now building a mixed-use community there — out of shipping containers. "It's currently the blue collar part of Wilmington, and this fits in with some of the legacy of that," he says. "There's always been some form of a transportation thread weaving through it, so the intermodal shipping containers are a connection." He brought in two new businesses headed up by entrepreneur Brian Kristof: Craftspace, a firm that's helping to market and brand the development's concept, and Coworx, an incubator that's home to about 10 more small businesses. Nine apartment homes are currently under construction.

"We're taking a container designed for one thing and turning it into a completely different designation," says Jacqueline Chase, director of marketing at Smith's firm, LS Smith Inc. "We're taking a shipping container and we're not putting cargo into it — we're putting people into it."

The Cargo District

It's not a new idea. Residential communities built out of shipping containers have popped up recently from Washington, D.C. to Oklahoma City to Las Vegas. But the ambitious and vision-driven Smith has more than just apartments in mind: He wants to build a community-based lifestyle. He plans to create an environment for living, working and playing in the area he and Kristof have christened the Cargo District. That means integrating homes, jobs and entertainment in this little three-block section of downtown Wilmington. It means revitalizing an existing industrial area — one that will increase substantially in value over time.

And he's seeking out the kind of people who are ready to embrace that kind of micro-economy. "Most developers build a community and make people fit into it," Smith says. "We're finding the people and making the community fit them." He's placing coworking spaces right next to living spaces, for a close-knit experience. "It's something to inspire creativity, to think differently about what you can do with building blocks," he says. The shipping containers and existing buildings are meant to meld together as if they were planned and built at the same time, while they breathe new life into a tired part of the city. "We're revamping an old section of town," says Boisse, the interior designer. "It's a huge deal, to have the resources, the vision and the heart to want to do something about that."

It may be Wilmington's first Cargo District, but it's also the city's first urban market and coworking village. The developer is in discussion with restaurateurs, food trucks and a commissary kitchen, in an effort to support local startups. "We're looking at a public, shared space that meets the health code, so food trucks can prep their food there and take it out with them," Kristof says.

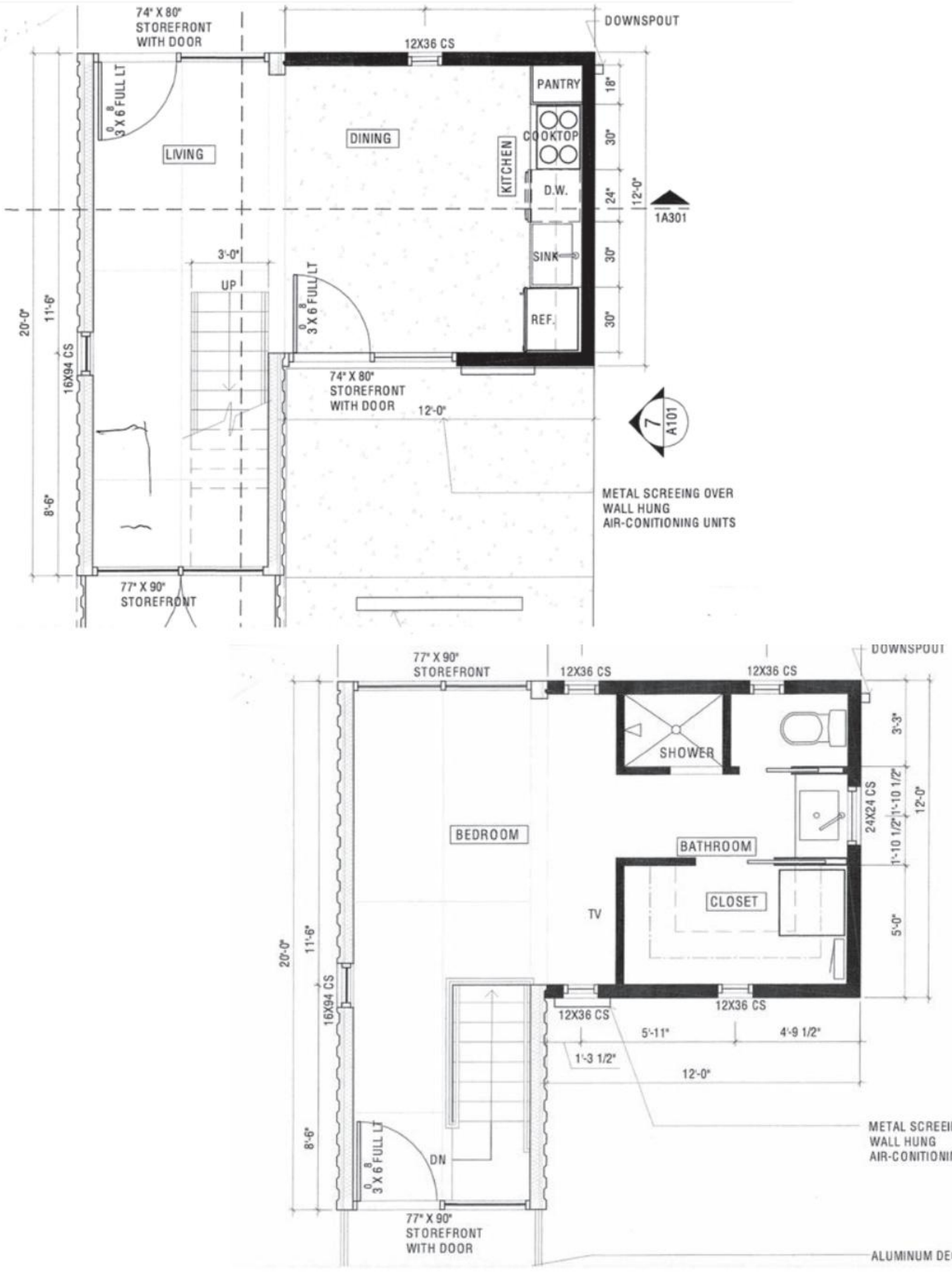
In August 2016, Kristof's two companies became the Cargo District's first tenants. Inside his Coworx space are a number of small businesses that form a key core of retailers and service companies. Among them are a health care firm, a car detailer and a publisher. "The focus is to help small businesses benefit themselves," he says. "We're trying to design spaces that fit like-minded small businesses that thrive — to be a stepping stone to greater things for these companies."

The Cargo District's first phase calls for two-story apartments, built from 18 containers, 20 feet in length. They'll offer 600 square feet of living space, a full-size kitchen, bath, living room, bedroom, garden, paved patio, private balcony and off-street parking. Rents will run between $900 to $1,000 monthly. "We're making it affordable," says Chase.

The second phase is intended to include the commissary kitchen and a food truck park. Phase three will add 50 to 70 more three-story apartments built from 20-, 40- and 45-foot containers, with about1,000 square feet of living space. A bonus will be "Food Truck Friday at the Cargo District" in the community's food truck park — something Smith and company have already established, sans park at the moment.

The Architecture

Castle Street is designated an art and antiques district, so the Cargo District architecture will complement that distinction — and take it a step further. "We want architecture that will be fascinating," says marketing director Chase. "Instead of just looking at art, you'll get to live in art and that's not


74" X 80"
STOREFRONT
WITH DOOR
12X36 CS
DOWNSPOUT
3 X 6 FULL LT
LIVING
DINING
KITCHEN
PANTRY
COOKTOP
D.W.
SINK
REF.
18"
30"
24"
30"
30"
12'-0"
1A301
3'-0"
UP
3 X 6 FULL LT
20'-0"
11'-6"
16X94 CS
8'-6"
74" X 80"
STOREFRONT
WITH DOOR
12'-0"
7
A101
METAL SCREEING OVER
WALL HUNG
AIR-CONITIONING UNITS
77" X 90"
STOREFRONT
12X36 CS
12X36 CS
DOWNSPOUT
SHOWER
BEDROOM
BATHROOM
CLOSET
TV
3'-3"
1'-10 1/2"
1'-10 1/2"
24X24 CS
12'-0"
5'-0"
20'-0"
11'-6"
16X94 CS
8'-6"
12X36 CS
12X36 CS
5'-11"
4'-9 1/2"
1'-3 1/2"
12'-0"
METAL SCREEING OVER
WALL HUNG
AIR-CONITIONING UNITS
3 X 6 FULL LT
DN
77" X 90"
STOREFRONT
WITH DOOR
ALUMINUM DECK

something people get to do every day." The new apartments will be low-maintenance, urban-chic and high-end. They're not the usual shipping container housing solution — a series of stacked metal boxes with vinyl windows and doors punched into their corrugated steel skins. Instead, these will offer clean and contemporary lines. "It's up-cycled modern architecture," she says. "Normally, shipping containers are not aesthetically pleasing, but this merges functionality, art and architecture.

For that kind of design, Smith turned to Wilmington architect Rob Romero. "I'd done a little work for Leslie on something else," Romero says. "He was looking for something out-of-the-box, and I like to push the edge." One of his favorite architects is Le Corbusier, the Swiss-born modernist whose "machines for living" were famous for delivering sleek, modern residences to Europe from the 1920s through the 1960s. "This is a loose look at him and how he placed windows," he says. "I like his massing." Romero's stacking the containers and welding them together for an integral slab, then taking the flooring out and pouring concrete to lock them to the ground and to each other. "The foundation will be an engineered slab that's steel reinforced," he says. "It's an experiment in a lot of ways, and relatively innovative."

The big idea is to provide a design along the lines of Le Corbusier — and to show people how cool living in a shipping container can be. "A lot of people will be surprised, but it will be a pleasant surprise," the architect says. "It'll be streamlined, with glass and radiant flooring, nice cabinetry and lighting — it will be good quality, but on a smaller scale." Romero, who chairs the city's historic preservation commission, notes that none of the existing building stock from the 1940s, '50s and '60s will be demolished to make way for the new development. The Cargo District apartment and office complex is being designed as urban infill for existing lots. "We're not removing any other buildings," he says. That will lend an overall aura of authenticity to the entire area,

and enhance its value and appeal by integrating the shipping containers into their environment, for a broader appeal. "They're for people who like being in the central area — there's safety, with fencing, parking and privacy," he says. "They're for all ages — we've gotten interest from everybody. People want to work and live there and feel safe."

His architecture is meant to be one of place-making — to create a one-of-a-kind community in downtown Wilmington, where he expects the Cargo District will become not just livable, but highly sought after. "People will feel like a team of pioneers," he says. "They'll be bonding with that area."

Before Smith and Romero tackled the development, these three blocks were a no-name area on a little piece of land tucked between industrial and residential communities. But now it's destined to become a hip, live-work-play, borderline development. And the appearance of its new apartments is more about questions than answers. "Is it a house? A building? A structure?" Romero asks rhetorically. And his response is a non-answer: "It's nebulous," he says.

The Quonset Hut

Nebulous is the last word one might used to describe the new home for Port City Design Group. In November 2017, Boisse and her staff moved into their new Quonset hut, also owned by developer Leslie Smith, at Queen and 16th Street. They've never looked back.

Boisse, a graduate of Endicott College in Massachusetts with eight years of interior design experience, carved her new 4,000 square feet of space into a series of functional areas. There are 2,000 square feet of offices downstairs and a conference room upstairs. "It's a design loft with tables and whiteboard," she says. "We have subcontractors in the warehouse, receiving all the packaging, delivering all the jobs and hanging pictures. We're the only design firm here with everything in-house, so it's turnkey for clients from start to finish. None of it's removed, or coming from a third party."

Instead of tearing down the Quonset hut, she and Smith renovated it so that it could be part of the district's history. "We found some Quonset hut propaganda from 1947, so it's on the wall now, and we honor that history and the community," she says. "Everyone can appreciate it — it's pretty much right there when you walk in the front door."

The building was originally constructed after World War II to house a steel company, selling in 1947 for $7,000. It would eventually become home to a car dealership, among other businesses. In recent years, though, it has stood vacant. When Boisse and Smith started renovating the prefab structure, they embraced a minimalistic, midcentury modern design aesthetic. The drywall-clad walls are painted white, and the masonry walls are black. Concrete floors are gray; they introduced timber and plants for pops of color. In the loft they left the hardwood floors unfinished. "It's super-rustic," she says. And it's a hit with her clients. "Most are retirees and they all think it's cool," she says. "We have one of the only Quonset huts left in Wilmington, and it's the only one that's renovated — I'm not sure the others are in use."

A New Downtown?

The Cargo District may be a harbinger of things to come for downtown Wilmington, which is now experiencing rapid growth in its formerly industrial areas. "This is a return-to-the-city movement like I've never seen in my lifetime," says Glenn Harbeck, who was a 27-year veteran of urban planning before he joined Wilmington as its director of planning, development and transportation. "And a mini-economy like that has got to be the wave of the future."

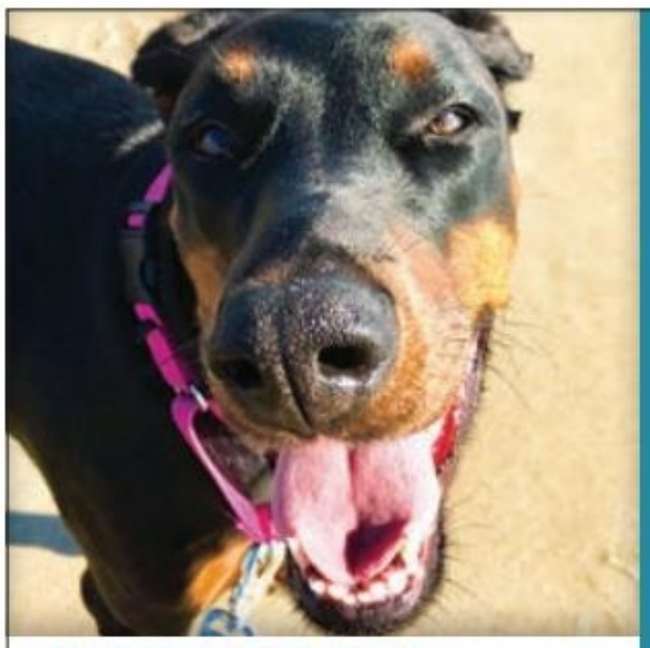
That's in part because the city recently and wisely liberated a number of urban lots — about 600 properties altogether downtown — from suburban-type restrictions imposed in 1984, to make it more zoning-friendly with on-street parking, enhanced landscapes and reduced setbacks. Developments like the Cargo District now are free to thrive downtown. "As far as we're concerned, if it meets the existing zoning for density and setbacks, you can expand if need be — and we're for it," he says.

That goes to show what can happen when a city, a developer and a series of like-minded tenants set out to revitalize a community, its economy and its culture — three city blocks at time.

J. Michael Welton writes about architecture, art and design for national and international publications, including Dwell, Ocean Home *and* Metropolis, *and edits a digital design magazine at www.architectsandartisans.com. He is the author of* Drawing from Practice: Architects and the Meaning of Freehand *(Routledge: 2015). He can be reached at mike@architectsandartisans.com.*

This page and opposite:
Interior of Port City Design Group

EXIT
THE QUONSET



GALLIGAN CHIROPRACTIC

FOR PETS, AND PEOPLE TOO!

Helping you with the biomechanics of your horse, the agility of your dog, the suppleness of your cat and . . . *EVERYONE'S HEALTH!*

Dr. Gail Galligan, BA, DC, AVCA

Inducted into Animal Chiropractic Hall of Fame in 2015

1221 Floral Pkwy #103 • Wilmington, NC 28403
910.790.4575 • galliganchiropractic.com

AMERICAN VETERINARY CHIROPRACTIC ASSOCIATION

Recognized as the World Leader in Animal Chiropractic

dragonflies

4106 Oleander Drive
Wilmington, NC
910-796-9997

Dash Out for a Copy of

Salt MAGAZINE

Our Newest Distribution Location

Fresh Market in Mayfaire Town Center

More Pick-Up Locations

17th Street Market – 108 S. 17th St.

Airlie Gardens – 300 Airlie

Arboretum – 6206 Oleander Dr.

Blue Moon Gift Shop – 203 Racine Dr.

CFCC Library – 415 N. 2nd St.

Cast Iron Kitchen – 28411 Market St.

City Market – 119 S. Water St.

Famous Toastery – 6722 Wrightsville Ave.

Johnny Mercer Pier – 25 E. Salisbury

New Hanover Public Library – 1960 S. 16th St.

Post Office – 206 Causway Dr.

Causway Cafe – 114 Causway Dr.

All Harris Teeters in the Wilmington Area

ALMANAC

March

By Ash Alder

You can cut all the flowers but you cannot keep Spring from coming. —Pablo Neruda

Something primal awakens within you on the first day of spring.

You rake the lawn, re-seed bare patches, feed the compost, prune the fruit trees, repair the wooden trellis, and celebrate the new buds on the heirloom azalea.

Soon, the banksia rose will be a waterfall of fragrant yellow blooms, and foxglove will swoon from the tender kiss of a ruby-throated hummingbird.

Spring is synonymous with life, and each breath is nectar to your soul. As robin exhales mirthful tunes of snowdrop, crocus and daffodil, you find yourself whistling along. Today: songs of iris, thrift and pussy willow. Tomorrow: ballads of blue speckled eggs.

When the soil is workable, you sow the first of the peas, spinach, lettuce and leeks, sealing each seed with a silent prayer.

Tuesday, March 20, officially marks the vernal equinox. Urban legend has it you can keep an egg balanced upright at the exact moment that the sun crosses the plane of the Earth's equator. Perhaps. Although you might have a better chance of cutting a deal with the wisteria.

Interview with a Leprechaun

If ever there were an optimal day to spot a leprechaun, surely it would be March 17. That's what an Irish-blooded friend of mine stands by. As a young girl, Mary would wake with the birds on St. Patrick's Day morn — the day before her birthday — and lie in the grass in her front yard.

"I thought for sure I would spot a leprechaun there at sunrise," she recently told me. "I could feel it in my bones."

Year after year she tried, but on the day before her 11th birthday, she gave up. Perhaps it was silly to believe in the magic of St. Paddy's Day.

Or maybe it wasn't.

At sunrise on her 11th birthday, something told her to lie in the yard once more.

"I saw a quick movement out of the corner of my eye," she remembers, then ran across the yard to discover a perfect four-leaf clover in the grass.

"I still swear a leprechaun guided me there," she says.

Flash forward 20-plus years to a Welsh pony farm in western North Carolina where, this time of year, when the weeping cherry is in bloom, Mary finds four- and five-leaf clovers on a daily basis — sometimes by the dozen.

Halloween of 2015, while scanning a favorite field for an hour and a half, she found 117 four- and five-leafers, which she handed out to trick-or-treaters.

"I dressed up as a leprechaun for the occasion."

How on this clover-loving Earth does she find them?

"Sometimes I see them as movement, and sometimes I hear their vibration," she explains. "Nature speaks to those who listen."

If the leprechauns aren't guiding her, then perhaps the luck is simply in her blood. I'm inclined to believe that both are true.

The best thing about finding clovers?

"Giving them away," says Mary. "I love seeing the smile on the face of someone who has never seen a four-leaf clover in person."

The Lunar Report

Two full moons this month. On Thursday, March 1, celebrate the Full Worm Moon by sowing the season's first root crops and fruiting perennials. Named by the Native Americans who so intimately knew and loved the land, this year's third full moon signifies a softening Earth and the return of the robin. A second full moon falls on Sunday, March 31. Celebrate by doing that once-in-a-blue-moon something.

Bird Messenger

In Frances Hodgson Burnett's classic children's novel, a cheerful robin helps 10-year-old Mary Lennox unearth a rusty key to a long-abandoned garden.

The Secret Garden isn't just a story of forgotten roses and the promise of spring. It's about the healing properties of the Earth, and how, within and without, love can transmute the bleakest and most dismal places. Listen to the robin: *The key is in the soil beneath you.*

Spring is when you feel like whistling even with a shoe full of slush.

— Doug Larson

Arts Calendar

Junie B. Jones: The Musical

3/2-4

Totes and Notes with Joanna Frye

3/3

The Annex Songwriter Session #14

3/14

3/1 **Jazz at the CAM**

6:30 p.m. – 8 p.m. Serena Wiley returns to the series with new and continuing members of the Light Under the Sun, a combined group of emerging young artists who expressively create a great synergy of unique and lively jazz, hip hop, and rhythm and blues. Serena, an accomplished saxophonist, played with many high-profile artists including Branford Marsalis, Fred Wesley, Antonio Hart, Rene Marie and Nnenna Freelon while getting her bachelor's and a master's degree at North Carolina Central University. In addition to playing sax across different genres in some of the Triangle area's hottest bands, she is also a poet who has been known to grace the stage with her voice as a singer and dynamic hostess. Admission: $10-$20. Cameron Art Museum, 3201 S. Seventeenth St., Wilmington. Info (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronartmuseum.org

3/2 **Oysters 101 Workshop**

6 p.m. – 8 p.m. The basics of eating, shucking and cooking oysters. Jen Dorton of the Carolina Mariculture Oyster Farm will show you what to look for when purchasing oysters, the techniques of shucking and slurping, cooking and drink pairings. Hors d'oeuvres and drinks will be served. Admission: $105. The Cottage at the Blockade Runner, 275 Waynick Blvd., Wrightsville Beach. Info and registration: www.thenewcoastalretreats.com

3/2 **Bird Hike**

9 a.m. – 10:30 a.m. Join park staff for a leisurely bird-watching stroll. Search for migrants, winter residents and year-round bird species. Admission: Free. Halyburton Park, 4099 S. Seventeenth St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 341-0075 or www.halyburtonpark.com.

3/2 **The Midtown Men**

7:30 p.m. The stars of more than 1,000 performances of the Broadway hit *The Jersey Boys* are reunited as The Midtown Men. After entertaining crowds across the continent, The Midtown Men are back in Wilmington at the Wilson Center. Tickets: $35-$75. The Wilson Center, 703 N. Third St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 362-7999 or www.capefearstage.com.

3/2 **Candelabra Workshop and Cocktail Party**

6 p.m. – 8 p.m. A workshop on how to make driftwood candelabras for simple centerpieces. Enjoy oysters and champagne while you make your own centerpiece. Admission: $105. The Cottage at the Blockade Runner, 275 Waynick Blvd., Wrightsville Beach. Info and registration: www.thenewcoastalretreats.com.

Third Coast Percussion: Lyrical Geometry

3/20

Southport Spring Festival

3/30 - 4/1

Blackwater Adventure Tours

Friday & Saturday

3/2-3/3 Dinner Show: The Weir

7 p.m. – 9 p.m. *The Weir*, written by Conor McPherson and directed by Phill Antonino, is a haunting play set in rural Ireland. Enjoy dinner from TheatreNOW's kitchen while you enjoy the show. Weekly through March 24. Admission: $18-$42. TheatreNOW, 19 S. Tenth St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 399-3669 or www.theatrewilmington.com.

3/2-3/4 Junie B. Jones: The Musical

7:30 p.m. (Friday and Saturday); 3 p.m. (Sunday) Thalian Association Youth Theatre presents *Junie B. Jones: The Musical* at the Hannah Block 2nd Street Stage in downtown Wilmington. Tickets: $15. Hannah Block Second Street Stage, 120 S. Second St., Wilmington. Info: www.thalian.org or (910) 341-7860.

3/3 Southport Bluebird Workshop

9 a.m. – 10 a.m. Learn about the area's most vibrant songbirds, their habitat and food preferences, how to attract them to your yard, and how to encourage them to nest and re-nest with you. Breakfast options will be available. Admission: Free. Dry Street Pub & Pizza, 101 E. Brown St., Southport. Info: (910) 457-9453.

3/3 Totes and Notes with Joanna Frye

1:30 p.m. – 3:30 p.m. Learn how to create hand-block-printed notecards, tote bags and tea towels from Joanna Frye of Soul and Sea Studio. This course is for all levels of artistic ability. Enjoy appetizers and coastal cocktails as you let your inner artist shine. Admission: $95. The Cottage at the Blockade Runner, 275 Waynick Blvd., Wrightsville Beach. Info and registration: www.thenewcoastalretreats.com.

3/3 Azalea Festival Scholarship Pageant

7:30 p.m. High school juniors from New Hanover County compete during this annual scholarship pageant based on a private interview with judges, evening gown competition, and on-stage presentation. The winner will receive the Beverly Anne Jurgessen Scholarship Award. UNCW Kenan Auditorium, 601 S. College Road, Wilmington. Info: ncazaleafestival.org/event/scholarship-pageant.

3/3 Flower Crowns and Cocktails

4 p.m. – 6 p.m. Learn how to make flower crowns with a twist, and walk away with a longer lasting, unique flower crown and the knowledge of how to re-create it. Enjoy coastal style cocktails and appetizers while learning from designer Kim Fisher. Admission: $105. The Cottage at the Blockade Runner, 275 Waynick Blvd.,

Wrightsville Beach. Info and registration: www.thenewcoastalretreats.com.

3/7 Snake and Turtle Feeding

4 p.m. – 4:30 p.m. Enjoy a brief presentation about the live animals on display in the Events Center and then watch them feed. Ages 3 and up. Admission: $1. Halyburton Park, 4099 S. Seventeenth St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 341-0075 or www.halyburtonpark.com.

3/8 Henry Cho

7:30 p.m. A hilarious stand-up comedy show by the accomplished comedian Henry Cho as part of Thalian Hall's Legends and Main Attractions series. Cho has appeared on several late-night talk shows and has a comedy special on Netflix. Admission: $22–40. Thalian Hall, 310 Chestnut St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 632-2285 or www.thalianhall.org.

3/8-25 King Lear

7:30 p.m. Dram Tree Shakespeare presents *King Lear* at McEachern's Warehouse downtown. One of Shakespeare's most well-known plays, *King Lear* tells a story of family, power and humanity. McEachern's Warehouse, 121 S. Front St., Wilmington. Tickets: $25. Info and tickets: (800) 838-3006 or www.dramtreeshakes.com.

3/10 Fresh Ink

9 p.m. – 12 a.m. A monthly open mic variety show including poets, musicians, artists, comedians, playwrights and more. Admission: Free. Bottega, 122 Princess St., Wilmington. Info: www.facebook.com/freshinkwilmington.

3/10 Cardinal Strut

8:30 a.m. 10K, 5K, 1-mile dash, and fun run. Post-race party includes Waffle House and fun for the whole family. Proceeds benefit kids battling cancer in the Wilmington area. Admission: $15-$40. Holly Tree Elementary School, 3020 Web Trace, Wilmington. Info: (910) 512-0927 or www.cardinalstrut.com.

3/10 Eighth Annual Cape Fear Beer and Wine Festival

12 p.m. – 5 p.m. The festival features 50+ American craft microbreweries and wineries with more than 125 beers and wines on offer. The Cape Fear Beer and Wine Festival will also feature a DJ, live music, silent auction and other fun things to do. Admission: $15-$50. Wilmington Convention Center, 515 Nutt St., Wilmington. Info and tickets: www.beerarmy.org/capefear.

3/14 Airlie Gardens Monthly Bird Hike

8 a.m. – 9:30 a.m. Enjoy a bird hike cohosted by Airlie Gardens and Wild Bird and Garden. Explore the diverse habitat and experience some of New Hanover County's best birding. Admission: $5-$9. Free for garden members. Airlie Gardens, 300 Airlie Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 798-7700 or www.airliegardens.org.

3/14 The Annex Songwriter Session No. 14

7 p.m. – 10 p.m. Six local featured artists will perform original, unplugged music. The A&M Food Truck and a cash bar will be on site. Admission: $5. Brooklyn Arts Center, 516 N. Front St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 859-4615 or www.brooklynartsnc.com.

3/16 The National Symphony Orchestra of Cuba

7:30 p.m. A night of classical and contemporary Latin music performed by the renowned National Symphony Orchestra of Cuba. For

BRING IT DOWNTOWN

Bring It! DOWNTOWN

SHOP AND EXPLORE
over 150 unique shops, galleries, boutiques and salons promoting local and regional specialties.

DINE OR HAVE A DRINK
at over 100 restaurants and pubs, many wth outdoor terraces or sidewalk cafe seating.

DOWNTOWN WILMINGTON
showcases the history of the town and promotes the vibrancy of the Cape Fear River.

PARK FREE FOR THE FIRST HOUR IN CITY DECKS AND CATCH A RIDE ON OUR FREE TROLLEY!

WWW.BRINGITDOWNTOWN.COM

Going LOCAL
ARTISAN GIFTS

A Local Artisan Experience

Artisan Goods from the Mountains to the Coast of NC

11-5 Mon-Thu
11-7 Fri-Sat
12-5 Sun

(910) 769-4833
208 N. Front St.
www.goinglocalnc.com

more than 50 years the orchestra has been instrumental in sharing Cuban and Latin American music with the international classical music community. See their North Carolina debut at Thalian Hall. Admission: $40–60. Thalian Hall, 310 Chestnut St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 632-2285 or www.thalianhall.org.

3/16-17 Wrightsville Beach Marathon Madness

11 a.m. – 8 p.m. (Friday); 4:45 a.m. – 6 p.m. (Saturday). Wrightsville Beach Marathon Madness includes a marathon that starts at the beach and runs through Landfall and finishes at the UNCW campus in Wilmington. In addition to the full marathon, there will be a marathon relay, a half marathon, a 5K, a 1-mile fun run, and a post-race party at Waterman's Brewery. Registration: $20-$110. Registration and info: www.wrightsvillebeachmarathon.com.

3/17 Battleship 101

9 a.m. – 2 p.m. The Battleship North Carolina in Wilmington presents Battleship 101. Volunteers stationed throughout the ship engage visitors in subjects such as gunnery, radar, engineering, and daily shipboard life. Attendees can also try on helmets, raise signal flags, use semaphore flags, tap out their name using Morse code, and type on vintage typewriters. Battleship North Carolina, 1 Battleship Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 251-5797.

3/17 St. Patrick's Day Parade and Festival

11 a.m. Commemorating the life of the great apostle of Ireland, St. Patrick's Day has become one of the most popular cultural events in the United States. Come join the music, dance and fun with Wilmington Police Pipes & Drums, The Blarney Broughs, The Molly Malones, The Walsh Kelley School of Irish Dance, Slainte UNCW Irish Dance Club and more. The parade will begin at 11 a.m. at Red Cross and N. Front St. The St. Patrick's Day Festival will be held at Riverfront at noon. Rain or shine. Admission: Free. Riverfront Park, 5 North Water Street, Wilmington. Info: http://wilmingtonstpatricksdayfestival.com/.

3/17 U.S. Open Fat Bike Beach Championships

12 p.m. The US Open Fat Bike Cross Beach Championships is a race like none other. Held on an all-sand course along the shores of Wrightsville Beach, this course will prove both challenging for competitors and fun to watch for families and fans. With the recent and fast

Never miss an issue!

Subscribe today and have

Salt MAGAZINE

delivered monthly to your home!

Call (910) 833-7159
or mail payment to
Salt Magazine
P.O. Box 58,
Southern Pines, NC 28388

$45 In State (per year)
$55 Out of State (per year)

Wilmington
1437 Military Cutoff Rd • Wilmington, NC 28403
(910) 679-8797 • NothingBundtCakes.com

CAPE FEAR SPICE® MERCHANTS
SPICES • TEAS • GIFTS
ALWAYS FRESH
THE AREA'S LARGEST SELECTION OF LOOSE LEAF TEAS & SPICES
Featuring California Olive Oils & Vinegars
Located at 20 Market Street, Downtown Wilmington
(910) 772-2980
CAPE FEAR SPICE MERCHANTS

rising popularity of fat bikes – bikes with tires wider than 4 inches – riding a bicycle in the thick sand has become easier than ever. A portion of entry fees will go to the Wrightsville Beach Foundation. Registration: $65 (free for spectators). Blockade Runner, 275 Waynick Blvd., Wrightsville Beach. Info: (910) 256-2251 or www.fatcross.com.

3/18 Shakespeare Brunch

12 p.m. – 2 p.m. Shakespeare Brunch at TheatreNOW in Wilmington features a greatly abridged (one-hour) reading of Shakespeare's classic play *Taming of the Shrew*. Admission: $8-$20. TheatreNOW, 19 S. Tenth St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 399-3669 or www.theatrewilmington.com.

3/20 Third Coast Percussion: Lyrical Geometry

7:30 p.m. A vibrant musical show performed by the Grammy Award-winning quartet of trained percussionists known as Third Coast Percussion. Features the ensemble's most exciting recent work. Admission: $15–40. UNCW Kenan Auditorium, 601 S. College Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 962-3500 or www.uncw.edu/arts.

3/23 Fourth Friday

6 p.m. – 9 p.m. Downtown galleries, studios, and art spaces open their doors to the public in an after-hours celebration of art and culture. Admission: Free. Various venues in Wilmington. Info: (910) 343-0998 or www.artscouncilofwilmington.org.

3/24 Coastal Living Show 2018

10 a.m. – 5 p.m. Everything you could want or need for a great life on the coast is at the Coastal Living Show at the Wilmington Convention Center. More than 60 vendors will demonstrate the latest trends in everything from physical fitness to scents. Search for gifts, products and services for the home, garden or office. Admission: Free. Wilmington Convention Center, 515 Nutt St., Wilmington. Info: www.coastallivingshow.com.

3/24 Symphony Pops Featuring Spectrum

7:30 p.m. The highly acclaimed musical group Spectrum will perform a tribute to Motown and R&B at the Wilson Center. Relive music history as Spectrum re-creates the musical styles and sounds of the great Motown groups. Tickets: $55-$65. Wilson Center 703 N. Third St., Wilmington. Info and tickets: (910) 362-7999 or www.cfcc.edu.

3/24 Roast on the Coast

Annual oyster roast/March Madness party hosted by the Junior League of Wilmington, featuring live music, open bar, silent auction, raffles, and coverage of NCAA tournament basketball games. Admission: Info: jlwnc.org/roast-on-the-coast.

3/26 Rockin' Road to Dublin

7:30 p.m. Rockin' Road to Dublin combines the best of both worlds to put Irish dance back into the spotlight. This stylish, can't miss spectacle is the perfect balance between concert and stage show. Tickets: $34-$62. Wilson Center 703 N. Third St., Wilmington. Info and tickets: (910) 362-7999 or www.cfcc.edu.

SALT SERVICES

40 Years in the Welcoming Business!
Do you have a business that needs to get in front of newcomers or new businesses? Call me today for a very special offer!
Welcome Service LLC is the only welcoming service personally welcoming newcomers and new businesses for 40 years to New Hanover, Brunswick and Pender Counties.
Call Nancy Wilcox at 910-793-0950
nkwilcox58@gmail.com
www.welcomeservicesllc.com

Now Open!
Island Chiropractic & Acupuncture
Dr. Melissa Ferrer Hall, DC
The only chiropractic and acupuncture clinic on Wrightsville Beach
Natural solutions to restoring and maintaining your health
Located in the Landing on Causeway Drive
530 Causeway Drive, Suite F1
Islandchiroandacupuncture.com
Call today for an appointment!
910.839.8615

3/30-3/31 **Southport Spring Festival**

10 a.m. – 5 p.m. (Friday); 10 a.m. – 5 p.m. (Saturday). Celebrate spring with live music, handmade arts and crafts, children's activities, plant sales, food vendors, and a 5K run. Franklin Square Park, 130 E West St., Southport. Info: (910) 279-4616 or www.downtownsouthport.com.

3/31 **Metropolitan Opera Live in HD**

1 p.m. – 5 p.m. The Osher Lifelong Learning Institute (OLLI) at UNCW presents the Metropolitan Opera Live in HD featuring Mozart's comedy *Così fan tutte*, led by David Robertson and set in the 1950s on Coney Island. Admission: $20-$24. Lumina Theater, 601 S. College Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 962-3195 or www.uncw.edu/olli/metopera.com.

3/31-4/1 **Made in NC 2018**

10 a.m. – 5 p.m (Saturday) noon – 5 p.m. (Sunday). Join North Carolina craftspeople at Made in NC 2018, a community craft show with local food trucks, cash bar, and more than 50 local vendors all in one place. Admission: $5. Brooklyn Arts Center, 516 N. Front St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 859-4615 or www.brooklynartsnc.com.

WEEKLY HAPPENINGS

Tuesday **Wine Tasting**

6 p.m. – 8 p.m. Free wine tasting hosted by a wine professional plus small plate specials all night. Admission: Free. The Fortunate Glass, 29 S. Front St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 399-4292 or www.fortunateglass.com.

Tuesday **Cape Fear Blues Jam**

8 p.m. A night of live music performed by the area's best blues musicians. Bring your instrument and join in the fun. Admission: Free. The Rusty Nail, 1310 S. Fifth Ave., Wilmington. Info: (910) 251-1888 or www.cape-fearblues.org.

Wednesday **Free Wine Tasting at Sweet n Savory Cafe**

5 p.m. – 8 p.m. Sample delicious wines for free. Pair them with a meal, dessert, or appetizer and learn more about the wines of the world. Live music starts at 7. Admission: Free. Sweet n Savory Cafe, 1611 Pavilion Place, Wilmington. Info: (910) 256-0115 or www.sweetnsavorycafe.com.

Weekly Exhibition Tours

1:30 p.m. – 2:00 p.m. A weekly tour of the iconic Cameron Arts Museum, featuring presentations about the various exhibits and the selection and installation process. Cameron Arts Museum, 3201 S. Seventeenth St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronartsmuseum.org.

Thursday **Wrightsville Beach Brewery Farmers Market**

2 p.m. – 6 p.m. Come support local farmers and artisans every Thursday afternoon in the beer garden at the Wrightsville Beach Brewery. Shop for eggs, veggies, meat, honey and handmade crafts while enjoying one of the Brewery's tasty beers. Stay for live music afterwards. Admission: Free. Wrightsville Beach Brewery, 6201 Oleander Dr., Wilmington. Info: (910) 256-4938 or www.wbbeer.com.

Yoga at the CAM

12–1 p.m. Join in a soothing retreat sure to charge you up while you relax in a beautiful, comfortable setting. Sessions are ongoing and are open to both beginners and experienced participants. Admission: $5–8. Cameron Art Museum, 3201 S. Seventeenth St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronartmuseum.org.

Friday & Saturday **Cape Fear Museum Little Explorers**

10 a.m. Meet your friends in Museum Park for fun, hands-on activities! Enjoy interactive circle time, conduct exciting experiments, and play games related to a weekly theme. Perfect for children ages 3 to 6 and their adult helpers. Admission: Free. Cape Fear Museum, 814 Market St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 798-4370 or www.capefearmuseum.com.

Blackwater Adventure Tours

Join in an educational guided boat tour from downtown Wilmington to River Bluffs, exploring the mysterious beauty of the Northeast Cape Fear River. See website for schedule. River Bluffs, 1100 Chair Road, Castle Hayne. Info: (910) 623-5015 or www.riverbluffsliving.com.

Saturday **Taste of Downtown Wilmington**

2:15 p.m., 2:45 p.m. and 3:15 p.m. A weekly gourmet food tour by Taste Carolina, featuring some of downtown Wilmington's best restaurants. Each time slot showcases different food. See website for details. Admission: $55–75. Riverwalk at Market Street, Market St., Wilmington. Info: (919) 237-2254 or www.tastecarolina.net/wilmington/.

To add a calendar event, please contact calendar@saltmagazinenc.com. Events must be submitted by the first of the month, one month prior to the event.

Port City People

3rd Annual 2018 Wrightsville Plunge

Benefit for Communities in Schools of Cape Fear

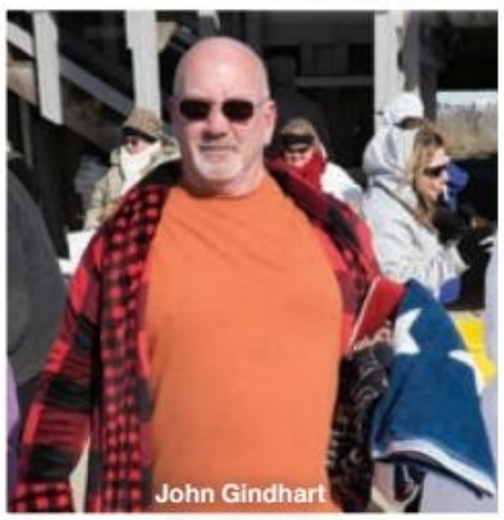
Monday, January 1, 2018

Photographs by Bill Ritenour

Savannah Brookman, Christina Taylor

Cindy Talbert, Beth Metcalf

Mimi & Mark Marquis


John Gindhart

Jaime Jackson, Kaitlyn Wolf

Chloe & Kevin French

Anna, Kevin & Chloe French

Joely Smith, Susan Walker, Anissa King, Melissa Smith, Lexi King

Steve & Pam Brooke, Gail Welch, David Cockerham

Port City People

Martin Luther King Jr. Day Parade

Downtown Wilmington

Friday, January 15, 2018

Photographs by Bill Ritenour

Edmund Parker, Mary David

Holly Terrell-Cavalluzzi & Mike Cavalluzzi

Wilmington Mayor Bill Saffo

Emma Grace Wright

Victor & Christopher Casiano, Sandra & Xavier Drake

Valjeanne Estes, Megan Crowe

Natalya & Naomi Amos, Natalya Massey

Madeline & Brian Kluepfel, Tom Balisky

Lucas, Alissa & Andrew Overholt

Port City People

GLOW Luncheon with Guy Fieri

Country Club of Landfall

Friday, January 26, 2018

Photographs by Bill Ritenour

Guy Fieri

Linwood Gainey, Wanda Copely, Jackie Whitaker, Frank Potter

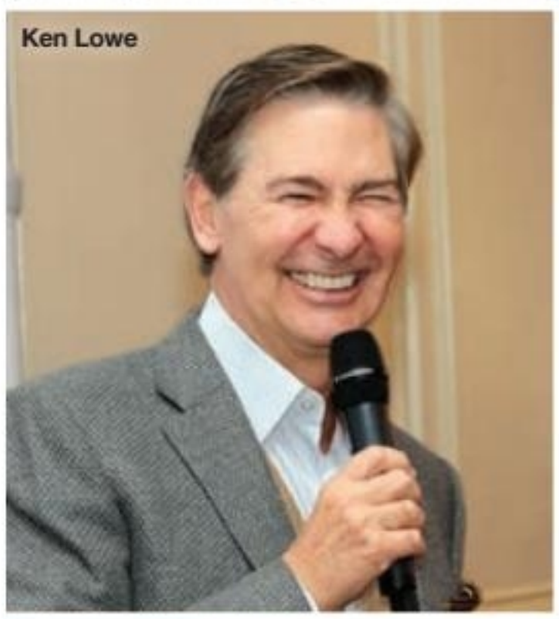
Will McLawhorm

Olivia Zimmer, Arlene Schreiber, Dr. Heather Loesch

Hailey & Lilyannna Schreiber

Pam Gonzalez, Sandy Spiers, Kim Pope

Fanny Slater, Michelle Clark


Ken Lowe

Miles Hair, Sharon Laney, Brent Floyd

Andi Collins, Betty Potter

Margee Herring, Laura Hunter, Gabrial Corley, Nancy Rosserman, Jade Sandford

Venitta Reeves, Dale Lacy, Stephanie Gerold, Denise Szaloky

Port City People

18th Annual Founders' Gala

Air Wilmington Hangar

Saturday, January 27, 2018

Photographs by Bill Ritenour

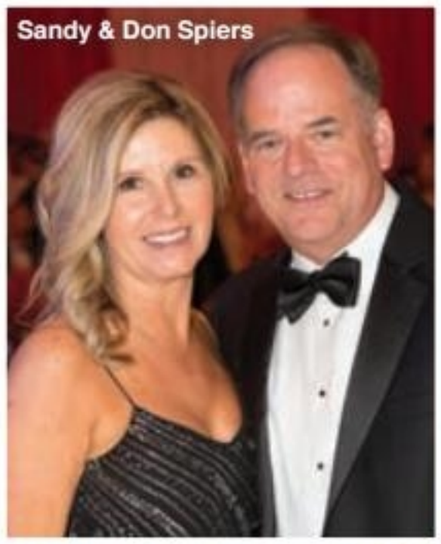
Dustin & Christie Kern

Chris Parks, Caitlin Whitaker, Kristin Cummings, Neil Macintyre

Steve Macintyre, Hunter Crumpton

Pat & Alison Talbert

Coo & Dr. Shawn Hocker

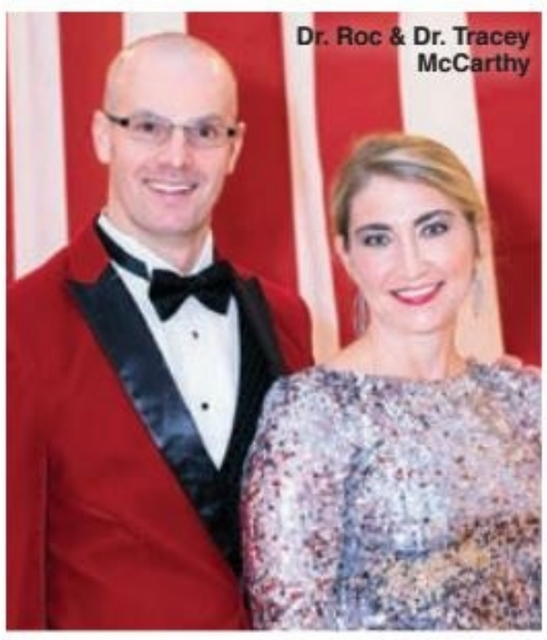

Sandy & Don Spiers

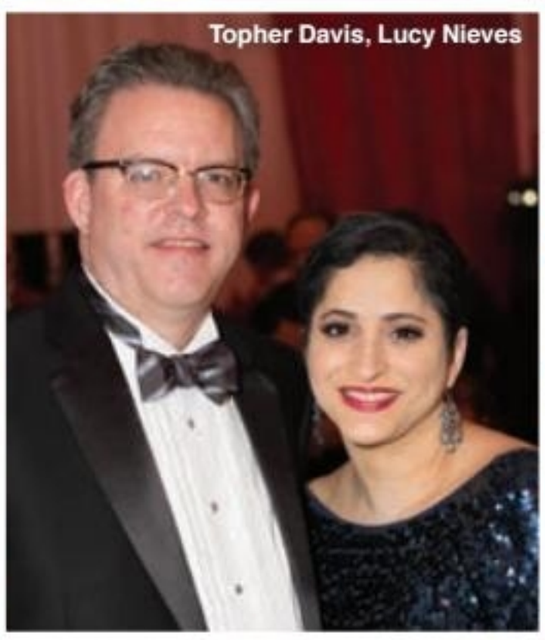
Sloan & Todd Turner

Dan & Stephania Bloodworth

Frank Hobart, Betsi Von Biberstein

Elizabeth Kuronen, Erin Dineen


Dr. Roc & Dr. Tracey McCarthy


Topher Davis, Lucy Nieves

David Long

Charles & Lynne Boney

Port City People

Wilmington Wine & Chocolate Festival

Coastline Conference and Event Center

Friday, February 2, 2018

Photographs by Bill Ritenour

Kirsten Gutierrez, Joyce Edwards, Robby Smith

Natalie Zullo, Heather Graff

Patrick & Kristin McLoughlin

Paula Humphrey, Robby McConville, Kristie Pate, Terry Powell

Sharon & Michael Hamby

Jacob & Megan Beal

Jeff & Darlene Wright

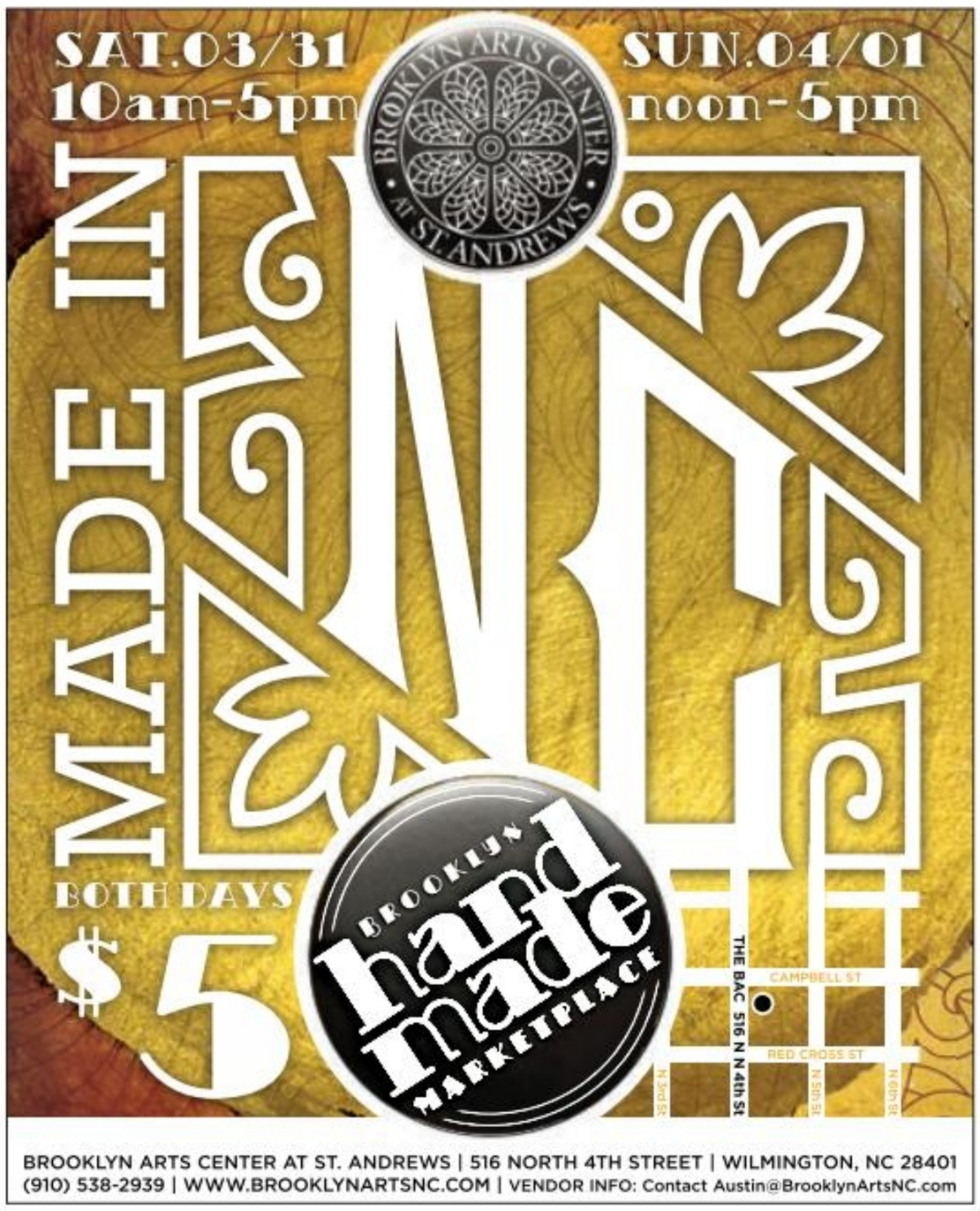
Adam Golonka, Amelia Fuelling

Greg Landen, June Harris

Joshua, Rachel & Shanea Adams

Amy McNabb

Dianna & David Francisco


SAT.03/31
10am-5pm
SUN.04/01
noon-5pm
BROOKLYN ARTS CENTER AT ST. ANDREWS
MADE IN
BOTH DAYS
$5
BROOKLYN
hand made
MARKETPLACE
THE BAC 516 N 4th St
CAMPBELL ST
RED CROSS ST
BROOKLYN ARTS CENTER AT ST. ANDREWS | 516 NORTH 4TH STREET | WILMINGTON, NC 28401
(910) 538-2939 | WWW.BROOKLYNARTSNC.COM | VENDOR INFO: Contact Austin@BrooklynArtsNC.com

HERB & GARDEN
FAIR 2018
ADMISSION
$5
9-5
Saturday
7th
April
8th
Sunday
10-4
Poplar Grove
PLANTATION

The Bellamy Mansion Museum
Presents
Bellamy in Bloom
Spring Tea
Sunday, April 8th
1:00PM - 3:00PM
or
Monday, April 9th
1:00PM - 3:00PM
Join us at Wilmington's premier historic mansion for a springtime tea party fundraiser! Each ticket includes tea sandwiches, desserts, and scones prepared by Little Pond Catering, a custom cocktail, and one raffle ticket. Light refreshments available in the Bellamy gardens from 12:30PM-1:00PM. Doors open at 1:00PM. A portion of the proceeds benefits the museum's educational programming.
Ask about our private tea rooms for groups of up to twelve!
$53.50 (includes tax)
Reservations Required
Call 910.251.3700
info@bellamymansion.org

"JARDIN DE COEUR"
Custom family birthstone pendant
JONKHEER
&
CICADA
FINE HANDCRAFTED JEWELRY
FEATURING ART & GIFTS
BY LOCAL ARTISTS
4410 Wrightsville Ave

Tracy McCullen
D•E•S•I•G•N
Luxury Outdoor Living
DESIGN & CONSULTATION
www.landscapesunique.com
(910) 279-1902

Go Fish!

In the swim of things with brilliant, imaginative and elusive Pisces

By Astrid Stellanova

Cast a net into the sea of life, and marvel at the roundup of famous Pisceans. As if Albert Einstein weren't enough, what about Kurt Cobain, George Washington and Dr. Seuss? Throw in Andrew Jackson and Jack Kerouac for a little special sauce, and see who would be best friends and roommates in the great hereafter. If anything is fishy about Pisces in the here and now, it is how they can hide their amazing selves in plain sight. Brilliant in ways you cannot stereotype, they will slip right out of your hands before you ever hook them, these delightfully slippery fish. –Ad Astra, Astrid.

Pisces (February 19–March 20)
Time was when you were so forgiving (and distracted) that you would let anybody have their way if they were nice and remembered to say "thank you." In the nicest way possible, you have learned to push back and find your footing concerning a subject that vexed you for most of 2017. Now you have to learn to say: Play me or trade me. Somebody who wants your talents may not realize how valuable they truly are. But, Sugar, you know.

Aries (March 21-April 19)
A natural wit allows you to come back swinging smartly no matter how deep the wound. But your inner wisdom may be telling you not to head into a knife fight with a stick of butter and a yeast roll. Little Ram, have you been duped? Let that sink in a minute, Sugar. Now, deep breaths. Head up, spine straight, and don't look back.

Taurus (April 20–May 20)
A tornado ripped through your life late last year, and you ain't quite over it. What happened caused you to go right off the rails and then wallow in the ditch. That is not your style, Star Child. If anything motivates you to start over, it is knowing somebody one-upped you. Don't tear their heart out and eat it with a nice Chianti. Find a way forward.

Gemini (May 21–June 20)
Could this month get any better? Possibly. You finally pulled your fingers out of your ears and started listening to your own heart and living your own life — not your sister's, not your daughter's, not your Mama's. A special little secret is about to unfold. You'll be tap dancing all the way to the bank, metaphorically speaking.

Cancer (June 21–July 22)
It is not that complicated. If you didn't get what you wanted the last time around, suck it up and take a do-over. You can't keep your children young and in your grasp forever. But you sure can make the home front happy. That, and take their car keys away. Don't whine. Be the driver.

Leo (July 23–August 22)
Your two favorite words this month: refund due. Yes, Sweet Thing, the IRS is going to be your ally. Not for nothing did you lose so much money on Sea Monkeys and Sonic Egg Beaters. Turns out, some kinds of pain are deductible! Restrain your entrepreneurial impulse until you are back in the black.

Virgo (August 23–September 22)
You've never looked better, prompting a lot of folks to think you've found new love. Only you know the actual facts (as opposed to the alternative ones): You have found it a lot easier to be inside your own skin. Honey, that new 'tude ushers in one of the best springtimes in memory. Don't blink and miss the fact that this ain't a cosmetic fix, but an inside job — and an important development.

Libra (September 23–October 22)
It is true that money can't buy happiness, but it dang sure can buy puppies. At last, practical and generous you have funded your own happiness. This recent splurge may be one of the wisest moves you've made in ages. Next up: Discover the bliss of not giving a damn what anybody else thinks!

Scorpio (October 23–November 21)
The bottle before you purred, "Yes, amazing Scorpio, you ARE the wisest and best of all!" You drank that in, didn't you, Sugar? Well, surprise, surprise. You stayed at the party too long. A little sober reflection might bring you actual wisdom. It stings, realizing your need for affirmation took over. But now you have opportunity to see clearly . . . truly.

Sagittarius (November 22–December 21)
Recently you have felt sick and tired of feeling sick and tired. That was the exact moment you began to change your life in a very productive way. No need to be all things to all those you love. If you spell resentment, it would look a whole lot like your name, Sugar. Ready to stop? It's that simple.

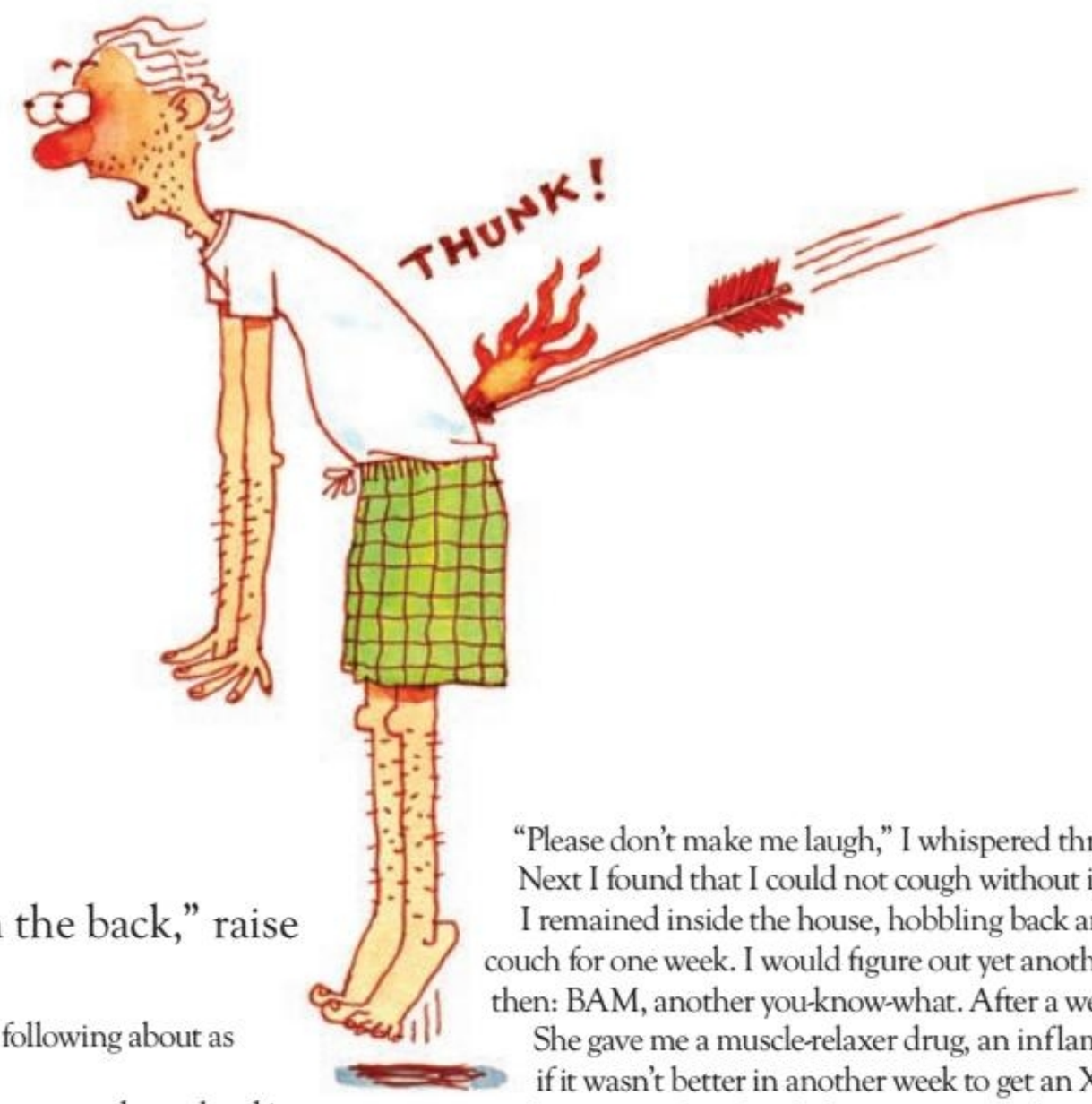
Capricorn (December 22–January 19)
In the anything-worth-doing-is-worth-overdoing category of life, you may have just taken first place honors and won a new badge. Try for second place, Honey. It is admirable that you care enough to over-deliver. But you cannot sustain this kind of effort. Just. Try. Less.

Aquarius (January 20–February 18)
It was the perfect birthday for you. Now, an important task. More than one person in your orbit relies upon your gentle counsel. It will surprise you to learn who, as you respect them greatly and view them as a spiritual guide. You are an old soul; you know validation comes from within.

For years, Astrid Stellanova owned and operated Curl Up and Dye Beauty Salon in the boondocks of North Carolina until arthritic fingers and her popular astrological readings provoked a new career path.

Roll, Honey, Roll…

If you've been there, you feel my pain



By Clyde Edgerton

If you've been "down in the back," raise your hand.

If you *didn't* raise your hand, you might find the following about as interesting as a pharmaceutical commercial.

But if you've been there, then as you read on you may nod your head in agreement here and there.

During our early January Arctic cold spell, I ventured under our house to turn off water to some outside pipes. At about six steps in through the low door that leads under the house — bending way over — I looked up and, whoops, felt a sharp pain in the middle of my lower back. A quiet voice said: "That was not good." I finished with the pipes, got out from under the house and thought, Maybe it's not too bad. I hauled in a load of wood for the fireplace, built a fire, messed around in the backyard, thinking: *Something is wrong with my lower back. But it'll be better in the morning.*

Next morning, when I started to get out of bed, a sledgehammer hammered a spike into my lower back. A pain so severe that had it continued over a few seconds I'd been yelling constantly to the high heavens. "Stabbing pain" sort of gets at it, but I feel like I need a new word — not spasm, but: *Stabazm*!

I yelled, and fell back into bed. The universe had attacked. Oh my goodness.

Kristina, my wife, who's had back problems off and on for a decade, said, "If you want to get up, you need to roll. Roll out of bed. Don't just pull up. You've got to *roll*. And *breathe*." After a long struggle and several more stabazms, each bringing a yell and sweat, I got up and slowly made my way — holding onto furniture — to the bathroom and then to the living room couch. Kristina helped me get propped up on my back with pillows under my knees, ice on my back and a laptop in lap for work. While helping me onto the couch, she said, "Roll. You've got to *roll*." When I was later trying to get back up she again said, "Roll, honey, *roll*," and the word roll got funny for some reason . . . to both of us. I started to laugh — but the laughing brought on — yikes! *Stabazm*!

"Please don't make me laugh," I whispered through clenched teeth.

Next I found that I could not cough without initiating a stabazm.

I remained inside the house, hobbling back and forth from bed to couch for one week. I would figure out yet another way to *not* move, and then: BAM, another you-know-what. After a week, I visited my doctor.

She gave me a muscle-relaxer drug, an inflammation drug and said if it wasn't better in another week to get an X-ray. It got a little better, but not much. I decided to wait two weeks to see if I really needed that X-ray. Inside the house I was using a cane that I was too proud to use outside the house. I finally started driving. A car entrance looked a little like . . . I don't know — a turtle climbing onto a motorcycle?

At the beginning of the third week — two days ago as of this writing — I got that X-ray and then went to UNCW for a faculty meeting. I was somewhat better, no stabazms in three days. I was happy to be up and about — careful about every move. But I was five minutes late to the meeting, hobbling along carefully.

I met a student who said, "Hi."

"Hi," I said. I wondered if I was supposed to know him. He was smiling.

"Hi," he said again.

I was a bit confused. I had pencil and pad in hand, ready to go into the meeting.

Then he pointed . . . and said what he'd been saying all along: "Fly!"

"Oh. Thanks," I said, grabbed at my pants, dropped the pencil, zipped up and then bent down to pick up the pencil.

Stabazm! I was unable to muffle a yell.

If you've been there, you know how it feels.

If you haven't been there, then when it happens, and you have to get out of bed: *Roll*.

Clyde Edgerton is the author of 10 novels, a memoir and most recently, Papadaddy's Book for New Fathers. *He is the Thomas S. Kenan III Distinguished Professor of Creative Writing at UNCW.*

ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY BLAIR

The Best On The Beach. Period.

For the 8th straight year, Hardee Hunt & Williams has been named the #1 sales team on Wrightsville Beach. Why? Because they provide a level of service big box real estate firms simply can't - or won't provide. Hardee Hunt & Williams comes through for their clients year after year. Exceptional service is the reason they are The Locals' Choice, and the reason they will be your best choice, too. Call today to experience the Hardee Hunt & Williams difference.

Hardee Hunt & Williams • 602 Causeway Drive • Wrightsville Beach, NC 28480
Toll Free 800.852.1605 • Local 910.256.6998 • Email info@hardeehuntandwilliams.com • TheLocalsChoice.net

BEST. DECISION. EVER.

When it comes to your dream home – making sure it is perfect means tons of tough decisions. Let our knowledgeable product experts relieve the stress and restore the fun while introducing you and your design team to our extensive collection of products from the most sought after brands.
Request your appointment today at **fergusonshowrooms.com**

FERGUSON
Bath, Kitchen & Lighting Gallery

WILMINGTON, NC

©2018 Ferguson Enterprises, Inc. 0118 703622